This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

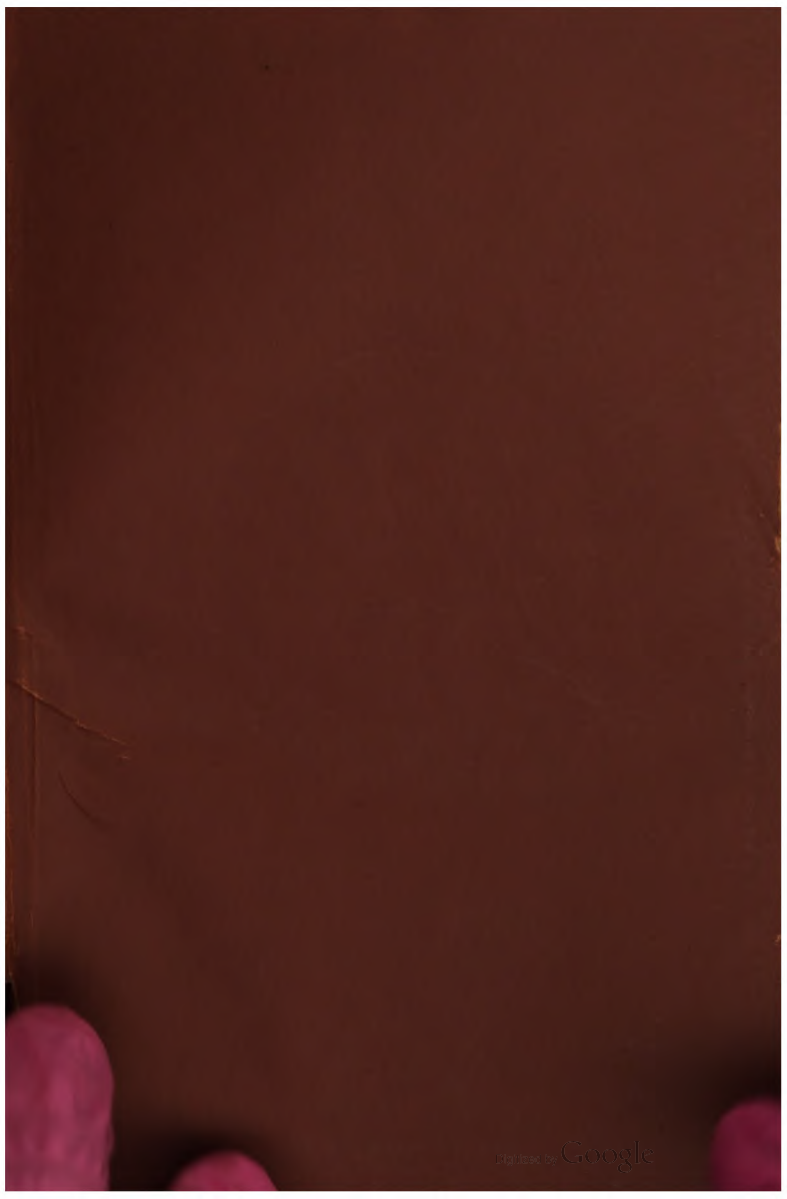
About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

MARIE THÉRÈSE
DE LAMOUROUS.

Google

600014413J
Digitized by Google


Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

MARIE THÉRÈSE DE LAMOUROUS:

FOUNDRESS OF THE

HOUSE OF LA MISÉRICORDE, AT BOURDEAUX.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

MARIE THÉRÈSE DE LAMOUROUS:

FOUNDRESS OF THE

HOUSE OF LA MISÉRICORDE, AT BOURDEAUX.

A BIOGRAPHY,

ABRIDGED FROM THE FRENCH.

BY THE

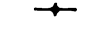
AUTHOR OF 'THE HEIR OF REDCLYFFE.'

LONDON:
JOHN W. PARKER AND SON, WEST STRAND.
1858.

237. e. 52
Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

PREFACE.



The substance of this little book is taken from the detailed *Vie de Mademoiselle de Lamourous, dite la bonne Mère*, by M. L'Abbé Pouget, a narrative ill arranged, but of great interest. It has been found so useful to those engaged in tasks similar to that of Mademoiselle de Lamourous, that it has been thought that her history might be welcome in an English form. The proceeds of the publication will be devoted to two institutions of the same class.

July 2nd, 1858.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

CONTENTS.

PAGE

Chapter I.

Childhood 9

Chapter II.

The Revolution 22

Chapter III.

The Appointed Task 33

Chapter IV.

The House in les Allées d'Albret 47

Chapter V.

The Convent 59

Chapter VI.

The Journey to Paris 69

Chapter VII.

The Return 84

Chapter VIII.

Rules of La Miséricorde 97

Chapter IX.

La bonne Mère in her bed room 111

Chapter X.

Death of La bonne Mère 123

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

MARIE THÉRÈSE DE LAMOUROUS.

CHAPTER I.

CHILDHOOD.

Why should we fear youth's draught of joy
If pure would sparkle less?

The character of which we are about to offer a sketch is one essentially French in all its qualities, both of nobleness and simplicity, and presents a striking instance of the fruits of patient individual exertions, when directed to one object with a steady aim, and a spirit full of that love which conquers all things.

The generalization necessary in writing history has led to the laying down of strong and harsh outlines in describing whole classes together, and this above all with the French, who so much delight in consistent theory and defined rules, and never willingly allow for inconvenient exceptions. Thus, the popular idea of France before the Great Revolution masses the inhabitants together, as a miserable oppressed peasantry, and a corrupt infidel

Digitized by Google

nobility, impoverishing their vassals, in order to shine at Paris, or if resident upon their estates, meriting their epithet of *hobereaux* or kites, by their petty exactions upon their unfortunate neighbours. There is doubtless much truth in this bird's-eye view, and it is not till we begin to descend to details, and to look into biography, that we discover how many peasants lived in peace and prosperity, how many nobles were models of religious loyalty, and how many of the country *noblesse* were scattered throughout France, not far removed in education and habits from the English squire of the same date, though unfortunately for themselves and their country, deprived of all political influence, and exempt from ordinary taxation.

To a family of this class belonged the subject of our present memoir, Marie Thérèse Charlotte de Lamourous, born at Barsac on the 1st of November, 1754. Her father, Louis Marc Antoine Jean de Lamourous, was an untitled noble in the south of France, possessing some landed property both at Barsac and Le Pian, and a town house at Bourdeaux. He seems to have been an amiable and good man, but nothing marked is recorded respecting him. His wife, Elizabeth de Vincent, was a woman of great piety and good sense, devoting much time and thought to her

Digitized by Google

children, of whom four, three daughters and a son, survived infancy.

Of these Marie Thérèse was the eldest. She was an exceedingly small and delicate child, without beauty of feature or form; nay, it is even said, almost with the appearance of deformity, though better health remedied this defect in after life; and her expression from earliest childhood had such sweetness that it seems to have won all hearts, and, indeed, her portraits have something so engaging in the happy smile of the mouth, and the gentleness of the eye, that they fully bear out what is said of her attractiveness.

Perhaps this delicacy of health assisted to make the little Marie Thérèse one of those thoughtful children whose sayings and doings become impressed upon the mind of their elders; a lady once consoled her mother when the little girl was dangerously ill, by saying, 'Your child will certainly recover, God has great designs for her.'

The household at Barsac was a patriarchal one, where the married retainers lived on with their whole families, and the good Madame de Lamourous sat like the ladies of old, with her little daughters round her, sending them out on messages of kindness to the dependents, to carry dainties to anyone

Digitized by Google

who was ill, or to hush a fretful infant if the mother were busy on some domestic office. It would seem that the doors were kept continually open, for a story is told of Thérèse going into the *salon* in the dark, and seeing something incomprehensible and alarming; whereupon she followed her mother's advice, to investigate any such strange object by the touch, and thus caught hold of the beard of a Capuchin friar, who had chosen this place for repeating his evening devotions, and was as much terrified as the little maiden, at the small hand suddenly grasping him.

The children's nurse was a person of great piety, setting them one of those examples which train so much better than any precept. She was a communicant at all the greater festivals, and, during the preceding day she would check any tendency to giddiness or unruliness among her charges by saying entreatingly, 'My dears, you must not vex your nurse, it will be her good day to-morrow!'—and thus the holy peace and reverence of her own mind were in some measure imparted to her nursery. On the great day, they admired the peculiar dress of her native Saintonge, which she wore in full costume, and they went with her to mass, where they were silent spectators while their elders commu-

Digitized by Google

nicated, and on going home, still deemed themselves bound to be good, so as not to disturb what was so truly a holy day to their nurse.

Surely this might in some degree be a hint to us,—the yet unconfirmed might thus respect their parents' and nurses' preparation for the feast, and be thus trained to look forward to their own participation therein.

It is curious to find how little resemblance there is between a religious childhood in France and in England. The child, though full of life and spirits, and with a peculiar French liveliness and blitheness, was taught to regard mortification as one of the greatest merits, denying herself her favourite dishes, and rising in the night for self-imposed penances. As to contradictions from without, the little girl made a sort of compact which she pronounced before the crucifix—'Three crosses a-day I promise to bear without crying, but if more come, I cannot answer for myself;' and accordingly she thought herself at liberty to shed as many tears as she pleased when it came to the fourth grievance.

The popular notion of purgatory was not that of Bishop Latimer when he said 'he had liefer be there than in Lollard's Tower, for there the devil could not come at him, nor he fall from the love of God;' and

Digitized by Google

poor little Thérèse is said to have lived in the belief that she should certainly be condemned to the place of penance if she indulged herself in smelling flowers; a fancy at which she learnt to laugh in after years, but which shows the petty superstitions which, in practice, Romanism produced among the uneducated and childish. Half in sport, half in the spirit of 'enacting holy rites,' the little maid loved to hide herself in the vineyards, and imagine herself a hermit; and she used to laugh as she related that she thought it quite in character to taste the grapes which clustered round her.

At eleven years old she was admitted to her first Communion, a stage in the life of a French child answering to the step which confirmation makes with us. Confirmation is in her Church usually administered at seven years old, and thus is not considered as admittance to the privileges of a grown-up Christian, until the child be old enough and serious enough to become a communicant. Thérèse received her first Communion on Ascension Day, with much fear and trembling, and yet with great eagerness and love, well according with the peculiar innocence and affection of her nature. Rome leads her children to behold and adore at the daily celebration, rather than themselves to become fre-

Digitized by Google

quent partakers; and, therefore, it is mentioned as a remarkable trait, that a sudden impulse one day seized Thérèse when at church with her mother, and she stept forward, knelt down, and communicated. 'I asked myself why I should not,' she said. 'I knew that sin alone should keep me aloof; and as I did not see in myself any such sin, I thought I might yield to the longing which drew me on.'

Mixture as she was of devotion and joyousness, she regarded the Sunday festival as the crowning bliss of the week, enhancing all other delights, even the most trifling ones. 'We were very fond of dancing,' she used to say when in her old age she would talk of these happy days; 'and to supply the place of a gentleman, one of us would wear a bow of rose-coloured ribbon in her hair. Often in the midst of our sports we would recollect that we had a prayer still to be said; then we would break off for our devotions, and these over, resume our game. Sometimes in the midst of a country dance, I would bethink me that I should communicate the next day, and that made me dance on with redoubled joy.'

This would appear levity and irreverence to an English mind, but with Thérèse, dancing was as natural and ready an expression of happiness as

Digitized by Google

with Dante's beatified spirits, all adoration and measured movement.

These happy scenes took place at Bourdeaux, whither the Lamourous family had removed when Thérèse was in her twelfth year, and she and her sisters formed a little society with the daughters of two ladies of rank there resident and very intimate with Madame de Lamourous. The children met every Sunday after the service, and several times in the course of the week, and enjoyed themselves together under the eye of the three mothers, who were so much noted for their piety that the Bordelois were wont to call them the three Maries.

Madame de Lamourous was a most devoted mother, and instructed her children herself. Thérèse seems to have been well taught all the acquirements then desirable for a French *demoiselle de qualité*, with a somewhat unusual amount of practical knowledge, a good deal of arithmetic, which afterwards proved useful to her, and some knowledge of the theory of agriculture; while she was an excellent needlewoman, and even when almost an infant, made doll's clothes, which she tenderly preserved to the end of her life as memorials of her happy home and her mother. Her manners are said to have been perfect, with all the ease and air of distinction

Digitized by Google

befitting her birth; they had a frank simplicity and openness all her own, springing from her gladsome temperament and warm unselfish heart; and they seem to have had a fascination which no one could withstand, though she was far from beautiful, and her speech partook of the homely dialect of her native province.

The mother and daughter lived in the utmost confidence, and, after the rest of the family had gone to bed, they would sit together consulting and talking over the events and feelings of the day; Thérèse wrote out her confessions and submitted them to her mother, before laying them before the priest; and Madame de Lamourous made her young daughter her chief confidante, and would fain have dispensed with the old-fashioned forms of filial respect, which were already becoming antiquated. 'Will you never forget that I am your mother?' she said, as her daughter persisted in rising from her seat when she entered the room.

The good lady held all works of fiction in great horror. The cumbrous romances of chivalrous adventure had given place to novels of sentiment, and it has almost always been the bane of French tales of this kind that they turn not upon pure and lawful love, but upon unlawful passion and intrigue; so

Digitized by Google

that a carefully educated girl is almost invariably forbidden to touch them, though in after years ladies generally make up for the previous interdiction. We find Madame de Genlis recommending that *La Princesse de Clèves*, and some others of the least objectionable, should, contrary to the usual practice, be read at so early an age that the sentiments should not meet with much sympathy, so that the young woman might not be tempted into reading them, for the sake of not being behindhand with the world, at a time when they might become more likely to meet with a response in her own breast. Madame de Lamourous thought otherwise, and denounced the whole class without exception, telling her daughters that such books would teach them no longer to love God, their mother, their prayers, nor solid reading. A vivacious young lady whom Thérèse met in society distressed her exceedingly by laughing at her renunciation of all such works, and declaring decidedly 'You will read them! You will read them!' Thérèse accepted the prediction as a fate, with all the direful consequences foretold by her mother, and went home in great trouble, which she poured out as usual in the evening conference. 'Be comforted, my child!' said Madame de Lamourous. 'You trust me, do you not? Well, I pro-

Digitized by Google

mise you that you will never read a novel in your life.' Thérèse's simple mind was relieved, and her mother's prophecy was accomplished. In all the eighty-two years of her life, she never touched a novel, except once, and then as soon as she read the title page, she laid it down again. Perhaps this freedom from all imaginary excitement and dissipation of mind, contributed to maintain in her that freshness of heart and feeling which so much aided her success in the great task of her life.

Another of her youthful troubles was with regard to her dress. She was never vain, but her conscience was uneasy at her own scrupulous and fastidious taste, and love of neatness and elegance, and she appealed to her confessor to know whether such predilections were sinful. He gave her an admirable rule, of universal application—'Do not be one of the first to adopt a fashion, neither be one of the last, nor wait to take it up till it be over. Let your dress be just what is least liable to remark. Thus, after dressing, consult your glass, and ask yourself, 'When I pass by, will people say how well she looks?' If so, you must suppose there is something superfluous, and remove it; but if, on the other hand, people would exclaim 'How careless!' something must be wanting. If they are likely to

Digitized by Google

notice nothing, either for praise or blame, that is the point to be gained by one who seeks to please God.'

Thérèse went into society with her mother, but was happier with a few friends, when her natural cheerfulness had freer scope. Her sisters, Marguerite, Aimée, and Cathérine, were early married, but she remained apparently unsought, and thankful to be left to devote herself to her parents. Her mother, however, fell dangerously ill, and finding herself sinking, told Thérèse that her greatest grief was the fear that her beloved child would sorrow too much, and refuse comfort. 'Your pardon, mamma,' replied Thérèse, only anxious to cheer her, 'I *will* be comforted.'

'You promise me?'

'Yes, mamma, be easy about me; I will take comfort—I will have courage, I promise you.'

She did her utmost to keep her promise, but her bodily powers were not sufficient to endure the restraint she had laid on them; she was dangerously ill for some days after her mother's death, and when she began to recover, she could not check such a flow of tears that she used afterwards to declare that she had spent them all; and in fact she was scarcely ever again seen to weep. Her bright spirits, how-

Digitized by Google

ever, resumed their usual tone, but she became very anxious to enter a convent, and devote herself solely to a religious life. The priest whom she consulted, after examining her state of mind carefully, told her, to her great surprise and disappointment, that she had not sufficient vocation for a monastic life; and she submitted to his decision, most fortunately as after events proved, giving herself up to the care of her aged father, and to various amiable offices of kindness to her sisters and other relatives.

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER II.

THE REVOLUTION.

'And who is he that will harm you, if ye be followers of that which is good?'

MADAME DE LAMOUROUS had been taken away from the evil to come. The Revolution broke out soon after her death, and the Gironde, or country about the mouth of the Garonne, contributed members to the Convention of such talent and violence that the name of their district was conferred upon their whole party. Bourdeaux fell under the dominion of a committee, which brought the Reign of Terror thither in full force, and was presided over by a schoolmaster named Lacombe, who was at once judge and accuser, while he enriched himself by the spoils of his victims. When brought before him, the accused were silenced by his harshly exclaiming—'The tribunal has decided!' and sending them, sometimes thirty at a time, to the guillotine. The prisons were full, and no one's life was safe.

The Lamourous family, loyal and religious, were forced to disperse when the storm began to gather. The son went to America, where he died,

Digitized by Google

one of the sons-in-law fled to Spain, and Thérèse removed her father to a small estate of the family at the village of Le Pian, where her sister Marguerite, who had married a surgeon named Letu, was already settled.

Le Pian is on the left bank of the Garonne, about four leagues from Bourdeaux, the towers and steeples of which city are discernible from the upper story of the small old family mansion of the Lamourous. This, however, was not the abode of Marie Thérèse. The shepherd's cottage had fallen to her lot in one of those divisions of landed property which take place according to French law; and this became her residence and that of her father, though consisting of no more than four rooms, all on the ground floor, besides a little closet which she set apart as an oratory.

Dextrous and tasteful, it is easy to perceive how she rendered the hut a comfortable home for the old man, and contrived to surround him with all the little luxuries that might reconcile him to the loss of his city abode. Outside the cottage, the scene was beautiful; a huge oak stood close beside it, sheltering a clear spring of water, slightly impregnated with iron, and still called by the Pianois 'La Fontaine de Mamizelle.' It is the source of a

Digitized by Google

streamlet, which finds its way to the Garonne, after watering a pretty shady garden, whence there is a view of the estuary, covered with shipping, and enclosed between banks clothed with vineyards and thickets of copsewood; while towards the west, the *landes* stretch away till they are confounded in the horizon with the Bay of Biscay.

A few cottages were scattered on the banks of the river, and a little church was near at hand, but this was in the charge of one of the clergy who had taken the oaths to the new Constitution, and was therefore avoided by all the loyal and faithful. The villagers were an ignorant and simple race, entirely led by their seigneur, and above all by *Mamizelle*, whom they revered as a saint for her unwearied kind offices. She did her best to make up for the want of all spiritual aid; and causing a clearing to be made in the midst of a wood belonging to her family, she invited the women and children of the neighbourhood to meet her there every Sunday; and there, in the 'good greenwood,' taught them the essentials of religious knowledge, bringing some of them home afterwards to sing vespers with her in her little oratory. A Huguenot gentleman, who likewise tried to prevent all religion from being forgotten, used to teach the little peasants the cate-

Digitized by Google

chism till he came to the controverted points, and then say—'Now, children, go to Mademoiselle de Lamourous!' In all cases of illness she came to the bedside to pray with the sick, and to lead their minds to spiritual communion, though they were deprived of the actual reception of the parting rites of their church. So much did the peasantry learn to depend upon her, that, after the concordat had restored their clergy, she had much difficulty in breaking them of sending for *Mamizelle* instead of a priest to bless their dying beds. The Constitutional priest was a man of mild disposition, who had yielded chiefly through weakness, and who venerated Mademoiselle de Lamourous so much that he begged permission to visit her, thanked her for the care she took of the flock which disowned him, and told her how much he regretted the step which he had taken. Suspecting that poverty might have been the cause of his compliance, she made a friend write to him to promise that, if he would abjure his unfortunate oath, a provision should be made for his maintenance, concealing her name; but it is not known whether the offer was accepted.

The oratory had been fitted up by Thérèse with all the furniture of the altar, books, tapers, hangings, and vessels; and when months elapsed without

Digitized by Google

the sight of a priest, she used to shut herself up there on each Saturday evening, and make the image of St. Vincent de Paul her confessor, kneeling before him, and avowing her faults to him, brought up, as she had been, to think a formal confession to a priest indispensable. On the next day she went through all the devotions of spiritual communion, and received great consolation in the trust that grace was thus poured into her heart.

Sometimes she had the solace of sheltering one of the proscribed priests, and having mass celebrated in her chapel. Another lady, who lived not far off, shared the same feelings, and intelligence was sent from one to the other whenever a priest arrived at either house, when, even in the middle of the night, these brave women did not hesitate to traverse the woods that lay between them, in order to participate in the secret worship. A faithful villager would sometimes act as escort, but Mademoiselle de Lamourous did not hesitate to go alone on her errands of piety or of charity. Once, when returning from some work of mercy, she was overtaken by darkness in a place reported to be the haunt of wolves; but, as she afterwards described the adventure, she thought of her guardian angel, and remembered that wolves were said to be afraid

Digitized by Google

of the human voice; and so, in her own simple words, 'With my little bundle on my head, my hand in my good angel's, and singing a hymn, I came safely through.'

A Carmelite monk, whom she visited in prison just before his execution, told her as his last exhortation to serve God as a man rather than as a woman. The counsel was hardly needed; for, though her courage was unflinching, it was essentially feminine in quality, a childlike trust always sustaining her mind, and cheerful address and ready tact bearing her through all perils. She was one who could always disarm the wolves by singing to them.

One Sunday evening, when she had been repeating her rosary at the foot of the large crucifix at the entrance of the village, she saw two ruffianly-looking men evidently on the watch for her. She went at once towards them and accosted them in a friendly tone. 'Good evening, *citoyens!* You look tired; you are welcome to come and rest in my house, I have some good wine for you.'

'So much the better, *citoyenne*, we were on the way to you,' they answered. And, concealing her alarm, she led them in and feasted them so much to their satisfaction, that, after some consultation, one

Digitized by Google

of them said, '*Citoyenne!* do you know what brings us here?'

'No; perhaps you are in quest of employment?'

'Poor woman!' said the fellow, laughing. 'See there!' and he threw on the table an order for her arrest.

'Is that it?' said Mademoiselle de Lamourous, quietly, 'we will go to-morrow morning!'

'No, no,' cried the emissaries, 'you are too good a creature—it would be a pity to harm you; we will say you were not at home;' and they went off after shaking hands warmly with her.

Her father was a great care to her. His faculties were so far decayed that he could not be made to understand the necessity of using cautious language; and, being naturally hot-headed, he would declaim against the Republicans with so much violence, that his daughter was in constant alarm. Her sister, who was left alone at Bourdeaux, often needed her presence, and she did not know how to leave him by himself at Le Pian, or take him into the city; but once when she had decided on the latter alternative, the old gentleman insisted on leaving the carriage and walking into the town. Dreading every moment lest he should ruin them both by invectives against the new order of things, Thérèse

Digitized by Google

took the sudden resolution of making his enemies into his protectors, and going up to two men whose garb and air indicated their revolutionary sentiments, she said, 'My friends, pray do me a service. I am forced to go to Bourdeaux with this good old man. He is determined to go on foot, and you see how slowly he walks. I cannot leave him alone lest some harm should befall him, but if you will be kind enough to take him under your care, I am sure that no one will hurt him whilst he is with you.' The men complied with her request, and her confidence in their honour was not misplaced. They took every care of Monsieur de Lamourous, and brought him safely to the place of his destination. He died not long after, and was buried in the church of Le Pian, near the font.

Le Pian still continued Thérèse's home, but she made long visits to Bourdeaux to console her sister for the absence of her husband, and she thus found many opportunities of doing good. She contrived to introduce a priest, with all the articles required for the last rites of the church, to the bedside of the dying wife of a furious Republican, and by her tact, obviated all suspicions on the husband's part, and enabled the poor lady to receive the last sacraments. Still, when a name was a crime, she could hardly

Digitized by Google

hope to escape, and was not surprised when she was cited before the revolutionary tribunal. She had made up her mind to die, but she had not left her ready tact behind her.

'*Citoyenne*,' began the president, 'you stand accused of nobility, and of hiding priests. Have you anything to say for yourself?'

'Possibly, *citoyen*,' she answered; 'but pray let me ask one question first. What is that mark on your face?'

'A strange question!' he said, 'do you not see it is a mole?'

'But how came you by such a mole on your cheek?'

'How? I was born with it, I had it from my mother.'

'Well, *citoyen*, it is just so with me; I was born with my nobility, I had it from my mother.'

As every now and then happened, repartee was the best defence; the laugh was on her side, and 'Go along then, you are a good child,' dismissed her. She was, however, exiled from Bourdeaux, but being allowed to go whither she pleased, was able to return to Le Pian. In the many changes of misrule which the unhappy cities of France underwent, acquaintance of Mademoiselle de Lamourous became,

Digitized by Google

in their turn, elevated to the bloody tribunal; and she actually ventured to visit them, obtain a sight of their list of proscriptions, and send secret information to the victims not yet arrested; although she was so fully aware of the peril to which she exposed herself, that she had cut off her hair, in order that it might not have to be done by the executioner at the last moment. She was twice arrested, but on each occasion the committee appear not to have had the heart to condemn the sweet-looking being who stood so fearlessly in her innocence, and she was never even imprisoned. Lacombe fell on the 15th of August, 1794, declaring that the citizens might thank him for not having put many more to death, and Bourdeaux began to breathe again, as did all France at the destruction of Robespierre, and the close of the Reign of Terror. Afterwards, when talking over these events, she was asked if she had seen Lacombe. 'Yes,' she said, 'he lived opposite to me at one time.' 'How wicked he must have looked!' was the cry; but all she would say was 'He looked very unhappy.'

Mademoiselle de Lamourous, finding herself safely carried through the storm, and without any immediate home duties, having attained middle life, and being sufficiently wealthy to have few cares

Digitized by Google

connected with worldly matters, conceived the idea that she had been thus reserved for some special work. She had always lived in the practice of active charity towards all her neighbours, but she longed to devote herself to a more fixed employment in the service of God. It is a craving frequent in persons of a deep and earnest cast of character, and it is well for them if, like Marie Thérèse de Lamourous, they are content to tarry the Lord's leisure, and watch until the way be pointed out; waiting not in dreamy aspiration, but in daily fulfilment of the obvious tasks that lie nearest at hand, sure that these are God's training in being faithful in a little.

The sense that she might be called to leave her beloved cottage at Le Pian weighed upon her in all her aspirations, for her Sunday solitude there, and the sense that she enjoyed of God's immediate presence in the silence of that lovely scenery, were very precious to her; nay, she afterwards owned that she had caught herself kissing the very walls of her little dwelling, in gratitude for the happiness she had there enjoyed, and dread of being forced to relinquish it; but she always ended by entreating only that the Divine will might be made known to her, and that she might faithfully act up to it.

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER III.

THE APPOINTED TASK.

'I will lead them in ways that they have not known.'

In the July of the year 1800, a young woman who had been led into vicious courses applied to a charitable old lady at Bourdeaux, called Mademoiselle de Pichon Longueville, and entreated to be shown how to extricate herself from her present way of life. She was placed with a dressmaker, and was followed thither by several of her former companions, who were equally desirous of reformation. Mademoiselle de Pichon hired some rooms in a house in the Rue St. Jean, where fifteen of these poor creatures were assembled; but they were extremely difficult to manage, utterly unused to all control or regularity, and with wayward capricious tempers, which broke out in all sorts of freaks against the authority of the person placed in charge of them.

Mademoiselle de Pichon was eighty-two years of age, and in failing health. She could do no more than make occasional visits to the house, where she

Digitized by Google

encountered nothing but disheartening bickerings and confusion. She was nearly despairing of success in reclaiming these poor stray sheep, when she recollected Mademoiselle de Lamourous, forty-two years of age, peculiarly dextrous in dealing with every kind of character, and actually on the watch for some good work. She entreated her to give her assistance in taming the unruly spirits in the Rue St. Jean, but, at the first sound of the proposal, Thérèse turned away in repugnance and indignation.

Not only had a more attractive project of charity been lately proposed to her, but her pure and innocent spirit shrank from the contemplation of guilt; and hitherto, rather than meet an outcast woman in the streets, she would cross over to spare herself the spectacle. The thought of contact with sinners of this class was so abhorrent to her, that she shrank from her friend as though displeased that the very notion should have been presented to her mind, and it was only her veneration for Mademoiselle de Pichon's great age and life of excellence that induced her to listen to her persuasions. At last, with a great effort over herself, she consented to accompany her friend on one of her visits to the Rue St. Jean. It was part of her nature to speak sweetly and gently to all who approached her, and such was

Digitized by Google

the effect of her manner on the poor wild beings, that they stood whispering together, 'There is one who would succeed with us.' No sooner had she left them, however, than her loathing and sense of contamination returned in full force, and she resolved never to go near them again; but her conscience reproached her with harshness towards them, and with refusing what might be her appointed task, and she forced herself to make them another call. Her face had already won their hearts, and she heard them calling joyfully to one another, 'Here comes Mademoiselle de Lamourous!' Each visit rendered them more attached to her, and drew her towards them while in their company, but when absent from them her dislike only increased; and the contrast, between her beloved retreat at Le Pian and the contentious chatter of fifteen uneducated and degraded women, presented itself more forcibly.

Her sisters wished her to live with them, and could not endure her visits to the Rue St. Jean; and great were her struggles of mind, and earnest her prayers to be shown the right course. One relation alone, a gentleman of strong sense and great piety, was in favour of her turning her attention to these penitents. 'Yes, do so, sister,' he said, 'it is for the glory of God.'

Digitized by Google

Every thing seemed to her in her present state to be an omen to direct her towards her duty. One night, a friend called her to admire the unusually brilliant starlight, but by the time she obeyed the summons, the stars were all dim, and glimmering feebly through the mist. She at once thought of the light of Divine grace in the hearts of the poor wanderers, nearly extinguished by crime, and yet capable of being rekindled into a flame of love by Him who will not quench the smoking flax. Rent by conflicting doubts and feelings, she returned to Le Pian, and there had an attack of illness, the result of her agitation. It was a feverish dream that gave the final impulse, and a very awful one. She imagined herself beholding the Great Day of Doom, and that she recognized each of the sinners in the Rue St. Jean standing before the judgment seat, and receiving sentence of condemnation, and then each, in falling, looking full at her and crying, 'Had you come to us, we had been saved!'

Those dreadful words and agonizing looks haunted her when she awoke. She took the dream as an intimation of the will of God, and the next morning she hired a donkey and rode into Bourdeaux, taking her night-clothes with her, in case she should find courage to sleep that night in the Rue St. Jean.

Digitized by Google

She went first to Mademoiselle de Pichon, and accompanied by her and her confessor, Monsieur Chaminade, she repaired to the house, but without a hint of her intention, until they took leave in the evening, when she lighted them to the door, and said simply 'Good night! I shall stay.' Thenceforth the penitents were her children, their abode her home; and though she often visited Le Pian, and sometimes was absent on business, her prime care and object in life was the work of mercy to which she had thus been led.

The period was one when such an asylum was peculiarly needed. The great convulsion which had loosened all the bonds of society, destroyed all external forms of religion, and set at nought all precepts of morality, had left many a homeless outcast astray upon the wide world, and many a desolate victim who had fallen for want of protection, and who remained an unwilling wanderer, longing to return, yet driven by famine and misery to persist in her course of shame and sin; and the tidings of the refuge opened in the Rue St. Jean was like a ray of light in the midst of the gloom of despair to many of these forlorn sinners. They came in numbers to entreat to be admitted, and Mademoiselle de Lamourous could not bear to turn them from the door,

Digitized by Google

though they were fast overflowing the rooms at present hired for them, where Mademoiselle de Lamourous not only slept in the midst of them, but as they had no place for washing their clothes, actually attended them to the river, where she would stand beside them as they washed, guarding and encouraging them under the insults which the more respectable, but sadly foul-mouthed, laundresses chose to lavish on them.

In the worst times of the Reign of Terror an association had been formed among the faithful at Bourdeaux, who agreed to kneel every day at five o'clock, wherever they might be, and offer up special intercessions for the conversion of hardened sinners. Monsieur Boyer, the vicar-general of the diocese, seems to have accepted the work of the demoiselles de Pichon and de Lamourous as an answer to these prayers, and, in concert with Monsieur Chaminade, raised a subscription among the pious ladies of the city, enabling him to hire a more suitable place of abode; and, after a sojourn of a few months in a house called the Maison Guerand, on the eve of Ascension Day, 1801, Mademoiselle de Lamourous, with thirty-five women, migrated to another dwelling in the Allées d'Albret. The establishment took the name of La Miséricorde, or Mercy, and regulations were drawn up for it.

Digitized by Google

Monsieur Chaminade blessed the black caps and kerchiefs which the women were to wear in token of penitence, and Mademoiselle de Lamourous was constituted head of the institution, where she soon won for herself the loving title of '*La bonne Mère*'—The good Mother. A nun from a destroyed convent, Mademoiselle Adelaide, came to assist her; and only ten days after this removal, one of the penitents, called Julie, was, on Whit Sunday, solemnly reconciled to the Church in the little chamber set apart for an oratory. She had been preparing ever since February, and, in presence of all her companions, with the utmost contrition, she made open confession of her sins, received absolution from Monsieur Chaminade, renewed her baptismal vows, and was admitted to the holy Eucharist. Her sincere repentance and her joy in her reconciliation strongly affected all the spectators, serving both as example and encouragement; and thenceforth she was a valuable coadjutor to the two directresses.

Such joy was, however, counterbalanced by great vexations. La Miséricorde was unpopular at Bourdeaux, and all sorts of false reports prevailed respecting it, depriving it of the support of those who gave credence to them; and the storms within were far more serious. The novelty having begun

Digitized by Google

to pass off, the inmates became insubordinate: they worked each other up to a state of excitement in which all the evil passions of their past life betrayed themselves, to the horror of Mademoiselle de Lamourous. She looked upon these outbursts as the efforts of Satan to recover his dominion over his former subjects; and, haunted as she was, day and night, by sounds so new to her, it was no wonder that she actually believed she heard the very devils themselves uttering maledictions around her bed. Her anxieties affected her health so much that she fell sick, and was obliged to go away for the months of July and August, while poor Mademoiselle Adelaide underwent a sort of martyrdom, finding herself unable to restrain the violent quarrels and the noisy merriment so hateful to her ears, and which, resounding in the very streets, brought the establishment into worse repute than ever. Forty-two excitable and wayward beings from the very dregs of society, all left under the charge of one simple nun! the very best of them too little used to self-control not to be liable to be led away by any recurrence to old associations, and some too absolutely corrupt and degraded to understand any appeal to better feelings, and only bent on stirring up their companions to wild revelry. The only marvel

Digitized by Google

was that Mademoiselle Adelaide could survive that wretched period, or that Marie Thérèse could again find courage to resume the apparently hopeless strife with evil; but back she came with unabated energy, and the disorders were mitigated by her influence, although not until she had been forced to expel seven of the most mischievous of the rebels. It was long however before all the harm could be undone within, and without, the consequences had well nigh ruined the undertaking. People decided that it was unworthy of their support, and withdrew their subscriptions; the funds were exhausted; and the committee, on the 15th of September, 1801, decided on dismissing half the inmates for want of means, but, on further consideration, resolved to keep them a month longer, allowing them only the barest necessaries of life, in such scanty measure that it was thought that very few would be willing to remain upon such terms.

Mademoiselle de Lamourous was summoned to the committee to be informed of these resolutions, and, on her return, much later than had been expected, the women came round her exclaiming at her delay. 'Alas! my children,' she said, 'if I am tardy, you are the cause. Never have you grieved me so much as to-day. The offences committed

Digitized by Google

against God in this house have brought down His anger. The storm has been threatening for weeks, to-day the lightning has flashed, and half of you had well nigh been consumed by it. Yes, this very night would you have been driven from La Miséricorde, and I myself was condemned to expel you!'

At these words cries and sobs broke out in the hall, and brought the whole house together, in the most violent state of excitement; those who had seemed the most obdurate and insensible to good impressions clinging with desperation to the home they were in danger of losing, and each entreating that the sentence might not fall on herself.

'What!' cried one, 'just when I had heartily begun to work at my general confession? how could I finish it?'

'And I!' exclaimed another, 'have I only learnt to abhor my past life that I may discover that there is no more mercy for me?'

'I should not go,' said a third, 'they could not tear me away!'

'No,' exclaimed another, 'we have been too ungrateful to God! He is going to give us all up! We shall all be turned out! She who speaks to us is too tender to tell us!'

The excitable creatures were so strongly acted

Digitized by Google

upon by this notion, that such a storm of weeping and wailing broke out that the directresses could hardly make themselves heard, as they declared that the decree at any rate would not be executed for a month. Upon this each pressed to know if she should have been one to be sent away.

'I could not have borne to decide,' answered Mademoiselle de Lamourous; 'I should have yielded you up to Providence, and made you draw lots.'

'Lots!' cried one, 'Oh! I should never have taken courage. I have been unlucky all my life. I know I should have had the black lot!'

When they were calm enough to attend, Mademoiselle de Lamourous explained the state of affairs, and that, unless some circumstance should arise in their favour, the maintenance of the full number would be impossible; therefore, that they must entreat for aid, in the spirit of penitence. 'You have not sought first the kingdom of God nor His righteousness, therefore things needful have not been added unto you; but God, angered by your offences, has made the faithful despise you. He has allowed the rumour of your scandalous behaviour to spread, in order that you may be punished for it, by His mercy. It is of His mercy that the blow has not yet fallen; but you must all endure severe privation,

Digitized by Google

in consequence of the want which has fallen upon this house, and still more as the penance which those ought to inflict on themselves who have manifestly abused the blessings bestowed on them. These privations will be more or less long, according as God sees you patient and penitent under them.'

'Bread and water!' cried the poor girls, 'we will live on bread and water, provided it is at La Miséricorde!'

Such had been the effect of the panic, that when Monsieur Chaminade arrived with the list of the indulgences that must be reduced, instead of murmurs, he met only with gratitude, and wonder that so much was still allowed them. There were no complaints, and the dread of expulsion kept the most unruly so meek and well disciplined, that there was every hope that their penitence was real. But the month passed by without bringing any addition to the resources of the establishment, and by the 27th of October the whole of the funds was exhausted. The gentlemen of the committee were ill or absent, the directresses had drawn to the utmost on their private means, and were so deeply in debt that the baker had declared that, after a fixed day, he would send in no bread. There was no firewood in the house, and hardly any food,

Digitized by Google

and there were thirty-five to be fed, several of them sick. Mademoiselle de Lamourous went out to apply to some of her friends for help, but in vain. For a few moments she gave way to depression; but, knowing that this species of despondency was peculiarly hurtful to her penitents, she cheered up Mademoiselle Adelaide by saying, 'Let us take courage and banish all care. We have done what depends on ourselves. Let us patiently wait for the manifestation of the will of God. If this work be of Him, He will provide for it. He who could make the stones bread, could send bread into this house. If He do not, it is because it is not His Will; and what did we propose to ourselves in undertaking this work but to act in harmony with His Divine Will? Let us be at peace, then, and wait with patience, firmness, and cheerfulness until the end.'

With this resolution she presided cheerfully at the dinner, and then led the way to the oratory for the afternoon prayers. The hour of recreation ensued; but she remained on her knees in earnest supplication, and was much affected by seeing several of the women doing the same. It was remarked, when these joined their companions, that they were unusually bright and hopeful, even though the last

Digitized by Google

food in the house was being cooked for supper, with the fire made of vine clippings for want of firewood. There was a knock at the door. A cart-load of fagots had been sent in by the committee. Before the evening was over, supplies of vegetables, wine, and money had arrived; and the danger was averted.

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER IV.

THE HOUSE IN LES ALLÉES D'ALBRET.

'The heart that trusts for ever sings,
And feels as light as it had wings;
A well of peace within it springs,
Come good or ill;
Whate'er to-day, to-morrow brings,
It is His will.'

The worst crisis was past, but for many years the inmates of La Miséricorde lived from hand to mouth, dependent on precarious supplies of alms; or upon work which was, with great difficulty, obtained by the exertions of Mademoiselle de Lamourous. Washing and needlework were the chief resources, and she sought throughout the city for such employment, exposing herself to most trying scenes. Wherever work was given out, there was she, often hustled, pushed about, and abused by the throng of other applicants, who accused her of trying to take the bread out of honest mouths, and treated with scorn by rude and vulgar-minded employers; but she bore all with single-minded and undaunted patience and good humour, and did not even shrink from mingling with a crowd of eager sempstresses begging for work

Digitized by Google

from the master tailor at the barracks. Coming home with limbs exhausted and feet galled by walking, she had to teach her charges to do the work she had brought them, and afterwards to carry it back and entreat for payment, often receiving reproaches for the manner in which it was executed. Strange tasks for a high-born, delicately-reared lady were these! but she took each as it came, unconscious of her heroism, and solely bent on providing for her children.

Every small piece of work, every gift from without, was hailed as a fresh token of mercy, and, in her own words, 'seemed to cry in her ears the words 'O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?'' So that it was to her as if the good God were present, pleading with her and covering her with shame for her anxieties. She was delighted with a small print representing a heart placed in a boat without oar or sail, but with a cross for the rudder, and the motto, 'Providence is my guide.' She had it framed, hung it in her room, and often kissed it, so great was the consolation that it gave to her, as an emblem of the way in which she committed herself to her heavenly Guardian. So often did relief come in at the moment of utmost need, that she felt as though the hand of heaven were perpetually re-

Digitized by Google

vealed to her, and recorded these answers to her prayers with a simplicity and earnestness of thankfulness that make us honour her faith, while we smile at the homely detail of the chine and hog's puddings which feasted the whole community; of the quilt that came in the very day a new comer had been received, though there was nothing to cover her bed; of the four complete dresses that were hunted bit by bit out of the cupboard, when Mademoiselle Adelaide had declared there was nothing there; of the firewood sent in by an unknown hand, when the last log had been burnt; of the two coins given by a stranger, when the funds were reduced to seven sous.

If Thérèse looked on these timely succours as so many interpositions of Providence, they wore a miraculous air to the rest of La Miséricorde. It would be giving no fair account of the institution to blink at the superstition that prevailed there, and indeed it could hardly have been otherwise. Marie Thérèse de Lamourous was a woman whose mission was to act rather than think. Like the Charity of Dante, she was one glow of fervent love to God and man, receiving blessings from above only to pour them down on those below, and without leisure or inclination to question what she had been taught, or, except by the direct instincts of her personal piety, to

Digitized by Google

sift the wheat from the chaff. She continually addressed her prayers directly to her God, but she would have regarded it as sacrilege to doubt of the lawfulness or efficacy of invocations of saints, and she even wrote letters to the Blessed Virgin to entreat her mediation in their difficulties; and dedicated her account books to her. Nay, she would enter among the items, 'Received such a sum from the mighty Sovereign, Mistress, Foundress, and tender Mother of Mercy!' St. Joseph, and her own patroness, St. Theresa, were likewise objects of her special adoration; and *neuvaines* in honour of St. Joseph were thought to have been the great means of bringing the timely supply at the first period of destitution.

If the devotion of the Superior, well educated, and from childhood well acquainted with the Holy Scriptures, had been thus perverted by the teachings of her Church, no wonder that these errors were exaggerated among her penitents, taken from the most ignorant and credulous class, impressed with religious sentiments late in life, with childish excitable minds, without any proportion in their way of viewing objects, and always on the look out for a miracle. Thus we find them relating, that when the dough would not rise, *la bonne mère* put in a little

Digitized by Google

holy water, kneaded it herself for a few moments, and all was right. When one of them was ill and could fancy no food but a bird which could not be procured, another addressed her entreaties to a picture, that she mistook for that of St. Antony of Padua, who was said to have preached to the birds, when immediately a flock of birds alighted in the garden, and one allowed itself to be caught. When they found their clothes growing ragged, they would represent their case to their favorite saint, and attribute to his good-will the next supply. And once, when some linen that had been sent in to be washed had received some accidental stains—the despair of the whole department—the laundress, after much vain soaping and wringing, burst out with an 'Ave Maria, blessed Virgin, help us! Assuredly you could wash!' and after her next Ave, found the obstinate spots entirely gone.

All these stories were the natural effect of the exaggerated tone of mind produced by the errors of Romanism, acting upon persons who were living in a peculiar condition of immediate and visible dependence upon Providence.

Mademoiselle de Lamourous was preserved by her humility and good sense from acknowledging many of these imaginary miracles, but she had

Digitized by Google

never learnt the scepticism we should feel on the whole subject, and generally preferred adoring the undoubted mercy to questioning the agency by which it had been accomplished. Nor did she ever act like the countryman in the fable,—while she prayed, she put her own shoulder to the wheel, and toiled to the very utmost, hoping for a blessing upon her exertions, but not on help without them. The most serious evil of the poverty of the establishment, and the small accommodation furnished by the present dwelling house, was the want of an infirmary, which made it necessary to send severe cases of illness to the public hospital. Here visitors had access to the patients, unedifying conversations took place, old associations were revived, the good work was undone, and many of the poor creatures were persuaded to go back to their former courses instead of returning to their asylum. The Miséricorde was likewise overlooked by the prisons, and whenever the inmates came near the windows, they were saluted with shouts of mockery and execration by the prisoners. Mademoiselle Adelaide, in the dress of her order, and Mademoiselle de Lamourous, who was then in mourning for a brother-in-law, were exempt from these insults, but as soon as the latter re-appeared in colours, she was hooted at like the rest; and believing

Digitized by Google

that the prisoners had respected the black dress as a religious habit, she resumed it; and when other directresses began to join her, (the first came in 1802, shortly before the death of Mademoiselle Adelaide,) she thought it best that they too should wear black. She used to make them walk about the room for examination into their attire, as she merrily told them of the advice once given to herself. 'Let us see,' she said, 'whether you have too much or too little! You need a gown,—you have one; a shawl,—you need that too; a cap,—for you cannot go about bareheaded! You are all right, you have exactly what is wanted.' She objected to their wearing veils, thinking these might give an impression of gloom and melancholy in the eyes of the penitents, and were not appropriate when they were obliged to go out into the town,—a veil seen in the streets in the evening might bring cloistered nuns into disrepute. She had no love of costume or peculiarity, and the huge cap which pervaded the whole establishment was their natural dress, and may be seen in portraits of the date of her youth, worn by young as well as old ladies. The crown is like Mambrino's helmet, and a broad frill with a wide hem acts as sides, border, trimming and all. The directresses wore it in white, the penitents in black; otherwise,

Digitized by Google

the penitents had no costume, but wore out the clothes they brought, and were supplied with more according to need, but often with extreme difficulty, as indeed they only subsisted at all by the most rigid economy. Everything was made the most of; handkerchiefs, aprons, and petticoats of absolute patchwork of the smallest fragments, were subjects of innocent pride in the thrift and ingenuity they proved. Mademoiselle de Lamourous would even pick up any respectable-looking shred she saw in the street, and said she never felt so dishonest as when she passed a rag merchant's. Old clothes were a most welcome gift to her, and were laid up in what was to her a treasure house; and just before winter had set in, and at the beginning of summer, the whole hoard was displayed like the goods at a bazaar. The head of each class brought an account of the wants of her charges, and *la bonne mère* dispensed her stores. Her mirth and lively sallies made the scene a perfect festival; patches were glories, and the pleasure of adapting a rag to a hole, or of finding a faded gown which would fit a shivering inmate, was to these simple souls a delight equal to the most unlimited choice in a milliner's show room. Even in extreme old age, when confined to her bed, her half-yearly rag fair was one of the great events of La

Digitized by Google

Miséricorde; and the happy old lady lay on her bed, scattered over with these precious tatters, giving them as they were received, as honourable prizes, and rejoicing in the thought that all the stitching and contriving of which they were the occasion, furnished wholesome occupation for the present, and likewise eradicated the unthrift, vanity, and indolence which had no doubt been in many cases the primary temptations. She used to say, that it was not to waste but to want that our Lord promised a constant supply, and she desired her directresses never to ask for anything new till they were absolutely certain that no further use could be made of the old. But where the necessity was real—'Ask boldly, my daughters,' she said, 'your prayers cannot fail to be acceptable.' As an instance of her mingled economy and trustfulness, when the directresses brought her word that, for the coming winter, there were wanting twenty-four pair of worsted stockings, eighteen pair of list shoes, and the same number of sabots, she replied, 'That is well; a charitable person has sent us a donation of thirty-five francs, destined for the very purpose.'

'Yes, *bonne mère*, so far so good, but how can so much be bought with thirty-five francs?'

'If God should send us no more money, we shall

Digitized by Google

still be able to provide. As to the sabots, we need not buy them. Look in all the odd corners and you will find old ones flattened or spoilt, which may be made up again, and the list shoes may be made of scraps and shreds of cloth, which are sure to be found on the floor of the loft or in the presses.' The directresses smiled at her ready answer, and suggested the stockings. 'They are less easy to make, we must buy them,' she said; 'I will add something from my private treasury.' With this, however, only twenty-one pairs could be bought, but she told them not to be uneasy, Providence would send what was wanting; and that same day there arrived a parcel containing two woollen jackets and two pairs of stockings. One pair was still wanting. 'Oh!' she said, 'the shopkeeper of whom you bought the twenty-one may very well give one pair into the bargain. Go and propose to him this good work, my children.' The whole number was accordingly provided. The eighteen pairs of list shoes all came in at once as alms, the giver telling the portress to keep one pair for herself; but she carried them to *la bonne mère*, saying she was not in need at the time, and begging some one might have them who was more destitute. While a grand review of broken down sabots was going on, a note was

Digitized by Google

brought in containing the words, 'I am well shod, yet my feet are very cold. That reminds me of the daughters of La Miséricorde. I beg of you to send to —— for twelve pair of sabots.' The six pair still required were supplied by picking out the best of the odd ones remaining, and the whole household was set up in 'hose and shoon,' which they regarded as gifts from Providence.

Utterly without pride, no one better realized than *la bonne mère* that mercy is 'twice blessed,' both to him that gives and him that takes; she used to say she loved the money that came in as alms, and she has been known to kiss the copper coins, as the visible emblems of the love and good-will 'dropping like the gentle rain from heaven.' Donations raised by means of which she could not approve were, however, rejected by her. Madame Blanchard, an aëronaut then much sought after, when exhibiting at Bourdeaux, offered to give the profits of one of her ascents with her balloon to La Miséricorde; but, though Mademoiselle de Lamourous expressed warm gratitude, she would not consent to receive this donation, saying that she thought it wrong, even indirectly, to have any share in leading another person to imperil her life. In the same spirit, in a time of great need, she refused the proceeds of

Digitized by Google

a charity ball. Alms, the fruit of love and devotion, were dear to her; the mere price of pleasure would in her eyes bring no blessing.

The more she lived to 'taste and see how gracious the Lord is,' the more buoyant grew her spirit, and the more she exulted in her immediate dependence upon Him. One day when a debt had been paid off, the purse was quite exhausted, and the directresses held it up to her, saying, 'See, good mother, the purse is empty!'

'Quite empty?' she cried, and laying hold of it, she kissed it respectfully. 'We have nothing! How delightful! Nothing, and all these people to feed! Now, then, we may reckon solely upon God, and depend on Him alone! Daughters, kneel down and thank God for having nothing!' The directresses heartily did as she bade them, and as they rose, she exclaimed, 'Now, children, for the very joy of having nothing, dance a round.' And dance they did, with the greatest gaiety imaginable. Surely if St. Francis espoused the holy Lady Poverty, Marie Thérèse de Lamourous alone devised dancing at such a wedding.

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER V.

THE CONVENT.

'Seek ye first the Kingdom of God, and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.'

The year 1807 was marked by the death of Mademoiselle de Pichon Longueville, who had lived just long enough to see the good seed which she had sown begin to take firm root, and bear goodly blossom. Her memory was always held in veneration at La Miséricorde as the first foundress. The institution had so completely outgrown the house in the Allées d'Albret, that Mademoiselle de Lamourous was anxious to secure a more suitable place of abode, and hearing that the confiscated Convent of Les Annonciades, in the Rue St. Eulalie, was put up for sale by government, she sent for Monsieur Chaminade to consult him on the subject. The cost was so entirely beyond her means that he was startled by the proposal, and, after a few moments' consideration, said, 'Before answering, allow me to ask you a few questions. Do you firmly believe that this work is of God?'

'Yes, I firmly believe so,' she answered.

Digitized by Google

'And do you likewise firmly believe yourself the person called to it?'

'I do,' she replied, with a decision that struck him the more from her usual gentle deference; and he said at once—

'Then buy it, by all means, but buy the two lots at once, both house and church.'

This was to secure privacy, for the buildings were in a ruinous state. The church had been used as a manufactory of saltpetre, and another portion as a public house, with gardens, the resort of the troops of the garrison. With great effort, and by pledging her beloved estate at Le Pian, Mademoiselle de Lamourous raised the first instalment of the purchase-money, and was put in possession on the eve of Palm Sunday 1808, when she set in hand the most needful repairs; and, fearing that the soldiers might not at once forget their old haunt, she stationed a trusty portress at the gate, with orders on no account to leave it, nor to enter into conversation with any soldier who might present himself, but civilly to refuse him entrance.

This was just at the time when Napoleon's treacherous interference in Peninsular politics was taking him to meet his dupes, the Spanish royal family, at Bayonne. Maret, his minister, afterwards

Digitized by Google

Duke of Bassano, had come in his suite to Bourdeaux, and occupied himself in surveying the various public establishments, accompanied by the mayor, and a brilliant train of officials. In the Rue St. Eulalie, the heaps of rubbish round the old convent attracted his attention, and he became desirous of seeing the institution; but, on knocking at the gate, the portress, dismayed by their uniforms, only answered there was no admittance, and would not hear of leaving her post to call her Superior.

'I tell you,' cried the suite, 'his Excellency wants to see Mademoiselle de Lamourous.'

'I know nothing about Excellencies; my orders are not to leave my gate,' returned the sturdy guardian; and it was not till a city magistrate, whom she knew by sight, promised her to act as porter in her absence, that she consented to go and summon the head of the house, and off she ran. Mademoiselle de Lamourous saw her coming, and exclaimed—

'Daughter, where are your keys?'

'I gave them to some gentlemen, who insist on speaking to you.'

'What gentlemen?'

'I don't know! Gentlemen all over gold lace!'

'Soldiers!' cried poor Mademoiselle de Lamourous, 'and you have given them the keys!'

Digitized by Google

She hurried to defend her castle, but was relieved by recognizing the magistrates, and conducted the party to the parlour, where her high-bred ease delighted the minister, even before he entered on the subject of her work. He begged to go over the house, and was exceedingly touched by the evidences of poverty, as well as by the noble self-devotion of the Superior.

'This is your time, Mademoiselle,' exclaimed the magistrates, 'you will never have a better opportunity of obtaining support. Beg his Excellency to recommend you to his Majesty.'

'What can I ask?' she quietly asked, 'Monseigneur sees, that is enough.'

'Ah!' said one of her friends, 'she acts pride; but I would bet that she has not six francs.'

'And it was true,' Mademoiselle de Lamourous said, in relating the story, 'I had not.'

Monsieur Maret, taking leave of her with the utmost respect, begged her to write down what she had been telling him, and to send it in quickly, as he should leave the city the next morning. She immediately sent to ask the advice of Monsieur Chaminade, who desired her to do as the minister had recommended, and she set to work; but she found it so difficult to draw up a business-like state-

Digitized by Google

ment that she was nearly in despair. She left her room, and calling her charges around her, she told them that she had a great task in hand, almost beyond her powers, and in which they were deeply concerned. 'You must help me,' she said; 'pray, my children!' After spending a great part of the night over her desk, she had produced the required memorial, and set off with it in the morning to lay it before Monsieur Maret. On arriving at the palace, entrance was refused to her; the Court was on the point of departure, and his Excellency could not be seen. In vain she applied to everyone of any authority, all access to his person was denied, and at last she was reduced to standing outside, looking up to the windows. She beheld him, caught his eye, received a favourable glance, and hastened back to the door; but the same rejection awaited her, and the utmost she could obtain by the most urgent entreaties, was permission to enter his office for one moment in his absence, and to lay her memorial upon his table. She was forced to retire without knowing whether it would fall under his eye; but soon after the Court had left Bourdeaux, the mayor called upon her with the welcome tidings that his Excellency had laid the paper before the Emperor.

On the 28th of April, only three weeks after her

Digitized by Google

bold purchase, she received a letter from Maret himself, to inform her that his Majesty desired to participate in her pious undertaking, and had, therefore, made her a free grant of the convent without purchase, adding 12,000 francs for the needful repairs. Freed from her debt, and secure of a home for her children, the first act of the happy and thankful Thérèse was to hasten into the garden, and pull up radishes enough to furnish the whole community with a feast, by way of first fruits of their new possession. She had some difficulty in obtaining the restoration of the sum she had previously paid on account, but she succeeded, and was thus enabled to release Le Pian, which was her place of retreat and refreshment when worn out by the labours of La Miséricorde, and where her visits, especially at the vintage, were the jubilee of the peasants. She had endangered this beloved home for the benefit of her children, and she received it back again as a gift from Providence.

The repairs of La Miséricorde were set on foot, and as they necessitated keeping the garden gate open, a directress was placed on guard near it. She reported that every morning, two ladies, one in extreme old age, came to walk under the wall, and would sometimes peep wistfully in at the open gate,

Digitized by Google

murmuring, 'Poor old house! poor old house!' Mademoiselle de Lamourous desired that next time they should be asked to walk in, and conducted to her room. The younger lady began to excuse the liberty they had taken by explaining that they were two nuns, who had made their vows in that very convent, and that her companion, Sœur Victoire, had been there for forty years, when they were expelled by the fury of the Revolution, and cast upon a world for which they were unfitted; and now it was their chief solace to hover round their once peaceful home, and now and then obtain a glance into what they regarded as a garden of delight.

'O Mesdames,' cried Mademoiselle de Lamourous, touched to the depths of her warm heart, 'you are the true owners of this house! Look on it as such! I am only your guest. Sincerely do I lament the injustice that robbed you, and I would repair it as far as I may. I have purchased it, indeed, but had I not, you might have seen it an inn or a manufactory! It is your house! Come and work here, come and rest here! Come and pray in the chapel, and walk in the garden! Treat the fruit and flowers as your own, and always say 'this house—this garden is mine!' She gave the keys into their hands,' and when they insisted on

Digitized by Google

returning them, she said, 'Well, then, I hold these keys from you, as the representatives of the whole sisterhood, the true owners.'

And she renewed her invitations, which were accepted in the same spirit, and the two sisters were never so happy as when visiting at La Miséricorde, whither, in consideration for the poverty of the establishment, the younger, Sœur Thérèse, always brought her own meals. She had some private means, and had taken the charge of the aged Sœur Victoire, whom she treated with the most tender reverence and affection, though the poor old lady was not an ideal nun, and had little fits of fretfulness which were best controlled by a threat not to take her to La Miséricorde, and had likewise a certain conventual daintiness, which made the penitents remark that Sœur Victoire always knew how to get the lettuce with the best heart. Sœur Thérèse was a most admirable person, a valuable friend to Mademoiselle de Lamourous, and much beloved by the whole household. It was the favourite Sunday delight to sit round her in the garden, listening to her histories of the convent as it once had been, as she pointed out the old rooms, and told little details of the lives of the sisterhood. Both nuns died in the arms of the directresses

Digitized by Google

and were mourned as elder sisters by the whole establishment.

The convent was of great antiquity; built around a large court or garden, in the low ponderous Byzantine or Romanesque style prevalent in Southern France, which so long retained the impress of Roman civilization. The cloisters were supported by narrow arches, rising from small short columns on elevated plinths. 'In the composite capitals, the elegant Ionic horn had assumed the strange grotesque form of what we call the Norman style.' These beautiful cloisters had been much built up, and spoilt; and the church, which was on one side of the court, was in utter desolation. The more ancient part 'looks like a crypt brought above ground . . . but another portion is lighter, a transition from Byzantine to Ogivale.' Twelve furnaces for saltpetre had been in the desecrated building, and the ruinous state was such that Mademoiselle de Lamourous could not attempt to use it, and set apart a large room on the ground floor to serve as a chapel.

The fittings of this oratory were the humblest imaginable, but so carefully and reverently arranged, that the first impression on entering it was 'that if the Good Master were not better treated, it was because this was all that could be done.' The lights

Digitized by Google

were candle ends, begged at more wealthy churches by *la bonne mère;* the pulpit had cost but sixteen francs, earned by special diligence of the penitents: and there were no seats at all—the congregation knelt, or during a sermon sat upon their heels.

In this ruinous old convent La Miséricorde took up its abode, re-consecrating the spot where the orgies of the Revolution had for nearly twenty years taken the place of the hymns of the sisterhood.

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER VI.

THE JOURNEY TO PARIS.

'O bliss of childlike innocence and love
Tried to old age!'

THE additional space gained by removing to Les Annonciades enabling Mademoiselle de Lamourous to receive new inmates, she was induced to apply for an annual grant from government; but in this she failed, and she afterwards rejoiced that such had been the result. Had she been in the pay of the State, she would have been bound to receive whomsoever the authorities might send her, instead of only willing penitents; and thus the whole character of the place would have been changed, and it would have become a prison for the guilty instead of a retreat for the repenting. Even Napoleon's gift, though merely of the land, buildings, and repairs, served to put a stop for a time to private charity; people fancied that La Miséricorde was provided for, and so little came in, that the establishment was reduced to great straits, and could scarcely have subsisted at all, had not Mademoiselle de Lamourous obtained permission

Digitized by Google

that the inmates should be employed in rolling tobacco leaves into cigars for the imperial manufactory.

Still, in 1809, a document of Mademoiselle de Lamourous states that there were ninety penitents, under five directresses besides herself, the Superior. Many others, after a thorough reformation, had been placed in respectable services; others had returned to their parents; some had married; and many more remained, too much attached to La Miséricorde again to expose themselves to the perils of the world. More than forty had already died, blessing the refuge where they had been led back to the paths of eternal life.

By 1813, the number amounted to a hundred, when, on the first day of the year, a terrible blow fell upon them. They were deprived of the cigar work, on the plea that the poor stood in need of such employment; and Mademoiselle de Lamourous in vain represented that they were as poor as any, and that their regular mode of life in La Miséricorde was no reason for excluding them from the class of the necessitous. Her arguments were disregarded, and as the novelty of her institution had passed away, private charity did almost nothing for her, and she found her hundred inmates living solely upon her credit.

Digitized by Google

She was told that her best hope would be in a personal appeal to the Central Board at Paris, and nothing daunted, she resolved upon at once undertaking the journey. She was not far from sixty years of age, and in feeble health, and she had never left her province, nor seen the capital; but with the same bright resolution that always buoyed her up, she decided on making the attempt, and set off upon her expedition on the 27th of February. Her letters during her absence have fortunately been preserved, and perhaps set before us better than anything else could do, the happy old woman, carrying about with her a perpetual spring of joy, ever simple and playful.

Letter I.

'I am at Paris at last, my good and very dear children; I took the novice to her destination, and went myself to my rooms, which I share with a good nun. I am well off in every respect,—nowhere could I have so much freedom. I shall rest to-morrow, which will be Sunday, and on Monday I shall begin to stir in our affairs. You must not cease to pray that I may be obedient to the leadings of Divine grace.

'And how are you, dear children? How are

Digitized by Google.

you all, not only my five assistants, but my three little ones, and all my dear daughters? Do they follow their rules? Are they loving? Do they seek for opportunities of making offerings, as I advised them, thus to unite them to mine, and present them together to Him who alone can render them meritorious? Everywhere I see La Miséricorde. Nothing can distract me from the sight. I am constantly occupied with my three classes. I am uneasy about some, but many more are a joy to me; and I console myself by thinking perhaps the first will do equally well, and I may have notes which will make me quite happy. Do not fail to write to me, my dear fellow labourers, and direct with great exactness.

'I write to-day by M. L., who goes to-morrow. You will have this letter later than the one I post to-day, because I cannot bear to leave you anxious in order to save the postage. What shall I tell you of my journey, or what would not N—— tell you if she had been in my place? Nothing could be more droll then the ladies who travelled with us. The two first did not lament their husbands long. They chattered from the first moment like magpies, night and day. Soon came another who was worse, then a fourth, who constantly censured the gossip of the

Digitized by Google

others, while they complained of hers. To tell you all the debates over the opening and shutting of the coach windows, and about the rooms and beds when we stopped at night, would be too long, but very comical. Then came three gentlemen who had seats in the cabriolet; and the gestures of all these people, their talk about fashions and fortunes, and the figure cut by the novice and myself dining among officers and generals, was amusing enough I can assure you. We did not put ourselves out of the way, on fit occasions, nor spare them one sign of the cross, and they were very civil to us, so that all went off easily, even our eggs on fast days. In the coach we pretended to sleep, and guess what your good mother was meanwhile thinking about! I will tell you. Two nights ago, we went on the whole night, and I saw the moon constantly; so when the hours came for your recreation and your going to bed, I said to myself, 'My daughters see the same thing as I do! Ah! if the moon could carry them all my wishes their sport would be blessed, their last waking thoughts would be holy! At sight of the moon, they would remember my exhortations, which I wish she could carry to them!' And so I came to the plan of appointing you all a rendezvous with me in the moon, and asking you to say to

Digitized by Google

yourselves, 'I am gazing at what my good mother is gazing at.' . . . . . .

'Your good mother,

'M. Th. Lamourous.'

Letter II.

'I wrote to you yesterday by M. l'Abbé L., but as the coach is slower than the post, I send you this letter lest you should be uneasy.

'Providence has found me just such a lodging as suits me, where I can see company or be alone, as I please. The lady with whom I am is very kind, and will I think be of great use in our business. She is very business-like, and seems to understand everything. She is an old sister of St. Clara, of a very strict order, very good and sensible, all which suits me so well that I ought to put up with the warbling of the dozen canary birds she keeps in her room, all tame and constantly singing. I shall be sure to grow used to them soon, and besides, I can get away from them in my own room.

'I am near the Church of St. Sulpice, famous for its clergy and its good order. There is benediction there every day, but I was not there yesterday, though I mean to contrive to have that happiness as often as I can. This morning I was at mass there.

Digitized by Google

I cannot tell you whether the church is fine, for I had not time to look at it, but I will tell you another time: this afternoon we go to vespers and a sermon. Nor can I tell you much of Paris. If I had no heart, I should think myself at Bourdeaux. Paris is beautiful, but I feel as if I had already been in all the buildings I have seen there. What pleases me best is the dome of the Invalides. The promenades do not strike me at all, they only remind me of what I have seen in *perspectives*, and especially in that of M. E. The streets are very like Bourdeaux, more lively, but very muddy. Women, young and old, generally dress as they do with us, and have the same air; my pelisse is not alone, and my cap finds companions. I shall go to all the grandees just as I am, and in fact I am like many others. My nun has promised to let me see the Pope, but I know not when or how.

'I was here in my letter when it was time to go to vespers, and I resume. I have been at St. Sulpice! Oh! how beautiful the services there are! How surprised I was to see the collegians in hoods! but I was still more astonished to find the good M. Thomas in the pulpit. He preached for an hour-and-a-quarter with the simplicity you know so well. There were so many people that again I could not look at the church. We came home at six o'clock,

Digitized by Google

for on common days, vespers and the other evening offices last till six, on great days much later. Imagine my amazement when just after we came in, my nun told me it was supper-time. It was necessary to make up one's mind to it, and by seven o'clock all was over, and we were going to bed, or at least as regards myself, pretending to do so, when there was a ring at the bell and in came M. R. I was very glad to see him. I told him my story, and my intention of making *quêtes** in different districts, charging him with his own, where reside Madame Mère and Cardinal Fesch.† He promised his help, and we agreed that I should not go to him for two days, to give him time to see what he can do. He went away at half-past eight, when my nun went to bed, and I to finish my letter. Here I am, and since one must retire so early, you see I shall be able to do a good deal in the evening.

'I hope, my dear children, that the good God will bless my journey; but after all, I fear nothing but myself, so pray that I may always act as He would have me, and that I may not be wretched enough to offend Him, and thus to check the stream of favours that He would shed upon you all.

* Expeditions in quest of alms.

† The mother and the uncle of Napoleon I.

Digitized by Google

'Write to me when you get this letter. Write very small, as I do, so as to be able to tell me more. I will write in a week, and I hope the next will be *gratis*. How lucky you are: this is my fourth letter to you, and I shall have none for twelve more days, besides the eight slow—very slow ones since I left you, and judge! But let us respect our good Master's will. Privations, if we use them right, become joys in eternity; and that reminds me that M. Thomas told us that not only must we flee from sloth, and work well, but that if we wish to be recompensed by the Lord, we must also do it for Him. 'For,' he said, 'if a workman came to claim his hire, you would ask him for whom he had worked; and if it were for one of your neighbours, you would say—'Friend, ask your wages from him whom you serve.'"

'I finish, embracing you all, my dear children, without reading over my letter. If there are follies or blunders in it, pass them over, or take what profit you can from them; but through them all, read the heart of your good mother.

'M. Th. Lamourous.

'*February* 14*th*, 1813.'

The next letter shows *la bonne mère* in an as-

Digitized by Google

pect somewhat startling to our dread of paying adoration to created beings, but we must look at her complete, as she represents herself; and it is curious to be thus let into the feelings of a devout and intelligent Roman Catholic with regard to relics.

Letter III.

'. . . . . Ah! my poor children, when shall I return? Will it be at the end of Lent? Alas! I cannot guess. . . . . I have seen several ministers who can do nothing for me; and I am sent from one to the other. I am trying subscriptions, and a sermon, for the benefit of my daughters. We shall see. It may all come at once, for the kind persons who take interest in me have more than one string to their bow. . . . Only one day has Paris seemed beautiful in my eyes; its wonders are wonders only to hearts which have not children like mine. The pleasure would have been perfect could I have shared it with you! Here it is, and it deserves a fresh page:

'I told you I had found out where the mantle of St. Theresa was. I begged my nun so hard to take me to the Carmelites, who have handed it down from mother to daughter ever since the death of the

Digitized by Google

saint, that at last I prevailed. Open your ears wide! I was admitted into the house! Judge of my eagerness. I saw the cells of the Carmelites, the refectory without table-cloths, the wooden spoons and earthenware plates. But what was that to the little church adorned with the real portrait of my beloved saint, and several paintings by the best masters, such expressive pictures, that one seems to see the reality. Thence I went into the hall, where is likewise a series of portraits of the saint and of other illustrious Carmelites, by able artists, and of striking truthfulness. . . . . One of these had such love for girls like mine, that before she became a Carmelite, she had collected several in her own house; and the present Superior advised me to recommend mine to invoke her with confidence. In this precious hall are four autograph letters, handsomely framed, from St. Theresa, from the foundress of the order in France, from St. Carlo Borromeo, and from St. François de Sales. Fancy how I longed to read them, and guess at what I could not understand, but I dared not ask for time.

'The mantle, you say, where is it? Wait, dear children, we are not come to it. First, we must open a great press, and take out a reliquary, containing hair and garments of the ever blessed Virgin

Digitized by Google

and St. Joseph; then another reliquary, full of St. Theresa. First, there was a whole finger, the very forefinger which wrote so much under the guidance of the Holy Spirit. . . . . In the bottom of the press is a division closing like that in my cupboard, and there, in a casket, wrapped in crimson silk, is this precious mantle, which exactly fits me. Judge of my delight when it covered my shoulders! I fastened it with the wooden pin that bears the mark of the fingers that used it, and the string fastened to it. Imagine, if you can, my delight in beholding the trace of St. Theresa's fingers on this old black bit of wood! The mantle is of wool, worn and even mended. How I kissed the patch, thinking that she had sewn it in herself! I had a long look at the dear mantle—I turned and twisted about in it, I kissed it, I pressed it close upon me, I remarked everything, even the little stains, which seemed to be of Spanish snuff. Read that to my good Father C——. At last I was forced to yield to my nun's entreaties, and lay aside the precious mantle. It was because these Carmelites were the first reformed house at Paris that they have so many treasures.

'Before the Revolution, these were kept in massive gold reliquaries, covered with precious

Digitized by Google

stones, the gifts of votaries of high rank, such as Mde. de Vallière, whose portrait I have, Mlle. d'Epernon, a great heiress, and others. The Revolution has carried off the shrines, but left the relics. Madame Louise used the mantle when she took the veil. She sent for it; but as she was to enter a different house, the Carmelites refused it, since they had never been allowed to let it go out of their hands; so the Pope's nuncio came to fetch it, engaging to bring it back after the ceremony; and he faithfully kept his promise. Such cardinals as are aware that the Carmelites possess the mantle, come here to put it on their shoulders. The house is not yet cloistered. The ground has been alienated, but the good ladies are buying it back again by degrees.

'This, my dear children, is what I had to tell you. You deserve compensation for your uneasiness at not having heard from me. Read me, children, if you can; I am sure your hearts will assist your eyes; and the pleasure you derive from my letters will make you endure the trouble of deciphering them. My affection for you alone makes me write so long to-day, for my spectacles were broken this morning. I have but one eye, and I should be obliged to go three-quarters of a mile to get another. Ah! how disagreeable the long dis-

Digitized by Google

tances of Paris are; but I could easily forgive it if La Miséricorde were in one of the suburbs.

'. . . . . In the parcel are samples of wool. Go to the shops and tell me the prices of those at Bourdeaux. I have learnt to make pretty coverlets and shawls; and if the wool is cheaper at Paris, I will bring some home. I must leave off; you see how I write, though one-eyed. Adieu, my dear children! adieu, each and all! I embrace you a thousand times with all your poor mother's heart. I am with you at the litanies of our father, St. Joseph. I will take you all with me to the Carmelites of the Mantle, on the feast day, which I am invited to spend with them. Good-bye, daughters! good-bye, class of the old ones, and class of new ones! good-bye, poor portresses, who watch the gate for a letter from *la bonne mère!* good-bye, in a word, to all, without enumerating the names engraven in my mind, and still more deeply in my heart!'

It is remarkable, in this letter, how the latent distrust of fictitious relics unconsciously peeps out. Mademoiselle de Lamourous would have deemed it sacrilege to entertain a moment's doubt of the authenticity of the relics of unreasonably lofty pre-

Digitized by Google

tensions; but such as these had evidently palled upon her; she passes them over as a matter of course, though with the reverence that she had been taught was fitting; and all her enthusiasm is for the mantle of her patroness, — a mantle which had belonged to a Spanish nun, dead little more than two hundred years, esteemed a saint even in her lifetime, and had been handed on at once to this convent in Paris, so that it was probably genuine; and be it observed, that her mind was so far untrammeled that she handled the precious mantle rather with the transports of tenderness of a devoted admirer, than with the superstition of one who expected to derive miraculous benefits from the touch.

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER VII.

THE RETURN.

'Sing we thus our songs of labour
At our harvest in the wild,
For our God, and for our neighbour.'

Mademoiselle de Lamourous was still detained in Paris, with her heart at Bourdeaux, working hard for her establishment, and never disheartened by any rebuff.

Letter IV.

'I want to write to the good M. Boyer, whom for twenty years I have loved with all my heart. I wish to tell him that the certificate of the archbishop is my great support, and procures me friends. At his name alone all the world is in extasies. Tell M. Boyer that I will soon write to him. I have so few moments to myself that I cannot perform all the projects of my heart. Every day there are accounts to send in, letters, memorials, and poor Marie Thérèse goes as Providence sends her, and sometimes Providence drives her rather hard.

Digitized by Google

'To-morrow it is intended to write to a great duchess, to whom La Miséricorde has been mentioned. There is great piety in some of the ladies of that rank. How many good works they support at Paris! It is admirable; the old and new court vie with each other in zeal. I know ladies who dine on apples, and sup on dry bread, and give the rest to the poor. . . . . I forgot to answer N. that she might have the black cotton. All of you, children, beloved of your mother, freely take what belongs to her as your own. She is very poor, but all she has is at your disposal. Here, I am at no expense but coach hire. My dress is what you know,—nothing more. My caps have not the air that N. gives them, because I make them myself, and have long forgotten how; but at Paris, as at Bourdeaux, I can pass, and all goes on well. Nothing more is required in the most brilliant apartments. My provincial accent is more remarkable than my appearance. I am called the demoiselle from the south, and people do me the honor to ask if I am a Provençale. But nothing has prevented my meeting with kindness and interest, for our merciful God arranges all.

'You, dear children, must want many things, caps, shawls, stockings, &c. Provide these I beg of you, I *will* have it so. You know I told you it was

Digitized by Google

to honor God and His providence, to do things that are needful, and then trust confidently to His tender foresight.'

LETTER V.

'Breakfast well to-morrow, the Good Shepherd's day. Pray to Him well—thank Him well—bless His goodness. I shall write to all the old and new ones. My poor new ones have all written to me, and so have the old ones. Be good, and in all your doubts and temptations, the Holy Virgin will arrange your difficulties. Yes, soon we shall meet, I hope. In the mean time, patience, prudence, order, submission, humility, charity, watchfulness, cheerfulness. Ah! how your mother will be received, if you are in such good company. Courage, daughters, every one of you. No *poule mouillée** in my house. Strive constantly. Pray always for your *bonne mère*. Take care to recommend her to our heavenly friends. Good-bye, again, old and new! I look at you all, and my heart rejoices in the hope that you work, and walk towards heaven. So be it.

'I received your parcel dated the 10th of May, and felt both joy and grief; joy at hearing of you, grief that we do not get on. I must resume the af-

* An expression for fretful faint-hearted characters.

Digitized by Google

fair of the cigars. I have nothing more to tell you of my collection; latterly it has fallen off, since a new and excellent work has injured that of La Miséricorde, and purses are closed against the latter, so that I shall only bring home about a hundred pistoles, instead of three or four thousand francs which I had reckoned upon. But patience, our good God knows what we want better than we do. Providence invites me to make efforts of every kind, and in every quarter. When I return, we will make many things to sell,—coverlets, rosaries, images, children's toys, pincushions, scapularies, &c. But the best of all is, that a famous worker in chocolate is teaching me his business gratis, and letting me into all his secrets. I have been, for some days, working under him, and have no doubt that his recipes will bring us in a pretty gain; and besides, he is to give them to me in writing, to be kept carefully at La Miséricorde. Strong and vigorous arms! We want no more! We will work, children, and I hope our merciful God will help us, and make our industry His means of supporting us. Since He is pleased to keep me at Paris, He permits me, by remaining there, if I cannot get money, to learn how to earn it.

'I am trying to do like you, and not lose all the fruit of the toils which the goodness and loving kind-

Digitized by Google

ness of the merciful God ordains for me. The cross is a pledge of His love, dear children. Besides, when I think of the children He hath given me, so affectionate, so good, so excellent, so exactly what I wish, I think myself very happy; yes, even humanly speaking, I am happy, for you are my happiness. O children! what pleasure you give your poor mother, pleasure the sweeter, because our good Master is the Author of it; and doubtless is well pleased to behold the joys with which you constantly feed my heart. Let us be more and more faithful to Him, my dears, that the ties he forms between us on earth may be drawn closer in eternity. Alas! what are all attachments here below in comparison with the love in heaven? If here He is the author of our common love, there He will be our object and our all.

'Dear children, when shall I speak to you again? When the good God pleases. I still hope it will be the week after Ascension Day. Keep up the hopes of our poor girls, tell them we shall soon be together again. Festivals delayed cause weariness, and you know that weariness is dangerous to the soul; so find some means of occupying them and all will be well. Tell me of the one at the hospital.

'Your mother,

'M. TH. DE LAMOUROUS.'

Digitized by Google

While thus leaving no stone unturned, and striving to gain fresh resources for her establishment, Mademoiselle de Lamourous was advised to gain admission to the Central Board of Administration of Home Manufactures, and there plead her own cause. She prayed for help, as she stood waiting in the ante-room, and wondered if it had ever been prayed in before; and then, when brought before the statesmen there assembled, she spoke in her usual bright, earnest, and simple way, which gained all hearts, especially that of the Chevalier Suchet, brother to the Marshal Duke of Albufera. It was decided that without lessening the number of cigars sent up by the rest of the department of the Gironde, an additional quantity should be manufactured at La Miséricorde. 'Truly, Mademoiselle,' said one of the members of the council, 'you speak in such a way that one can refuse you nothing, there is no resisting you, you win at the first encounter.'

'I wonder why!' said Mademoiselle de Lamourous, merrily, 'Is it my dress? No, it is much if you pardon it. Or my fine language? No, no, people laugh at my southern tongue. It must be because I am the child of the woods and speak naturally. In the woods, trees grow freely as Dame Nature teaches them, but elsewhere, they are cut

Digitized by Google

and trimmed by art. You grow weary of the clipped and regular trees, all alike, but in the wild fresh greenwood, you go deeper and deeper, without ever counting the moments, for the heart is never weary of nature; and so my simple, untutored words are a change to you, after the fine language and set phrases you have every day. Love of the true and natural is in all our hearts, and is not one of the least blessings given by our Maker; and this is the cause of your extreme indulgence to me, and of your being kind enough to like my simple manners.'

This conquest by 'her native wood notes wild' enabled her to write on the 23rd of May :—

'My dear Children,—I hasten to tell you that our good God has restored our cigars in spite of all the opposition, even at Paris. M. Suchet has promised to let us have them, and those who were averse to it have ended by giving their consent. An order will be despatched to the manufactory of Bourdeaux to send to La Miséricorde 3000 kilograms of tobacco every year, and M. Suchet promises me that this order shall be made out quickly. I told him of my fears that this slender supply might yet be uncertain, and he answered, No, since it depended upon him. It is likely that, as soon as the

Digitized by Google

order is received at the manufactory, they will send to La Miséricorde. Receive the deputy well, and tell him that I was glad to see the good account which the Bourdeaux gentlemen had sent up to Paris of the work, and with what sincerity I told the Paris gentlemen of my gratitude and obligations to those at Bourdeaux. Begin the work as soon as you can. I hope all will go well, my dears, and that it will not again be the will of heaven to send me to Paris to fish for cigars.'

By the 10th of June, *la bonne mère* was able to hire a carriage in concert with three other travellers to Bourdeaux. They were to be ten days on the road, while the coach was only five; but this was the more economical course, and enabled her to take with her all the numerous stores which she had collected at Paris. She wrote constantly at every halting place, speaking sometimes of her thankfulness and joyful anticipations, which she said made her better than ever understand how we should feel towards our heavenly bourn, and sometimes warning her directresses to keep the joy of the household within bounds. 'Prevent follies,' she said; 'we have been patient in our separation, let us be moderate in our joy. . . . . God grant us such grace that

Digitized by Google

we may never forget that without Him there is no true happiness!'

Caution as she would, what Frenchwomen could help preparing a festival for the reception of one so long absent,—so intensely beloved as *la bonne mère*. On the 20th of June, a deputation of two directresses and the oldest penitents set off to meet her where she was to land after crossing the Garonne by the ferry, as the much admired bridge was not then completed. It was eleven o'clock when the tidings came to La Miséricorde that she was in the Rue St. Eulalie, and immediately the whole community drew up in two rows in the garden, singing couplets, bidding the parlour door to open, and warning it that if it would not they would force its hinges to turn and let in their good mother, for they could not live without her any longer. The door opened, and she appeared, but, by the express orders of Monsieur Boyer, they stood still and silent; he had forbidden all that might work up strong or tumultuous excitement, and she only passed silently down the lines, shaking hands and speaking kindly, or smiling to each in turn, on her way to the chapel. Every path was hung with wreaths of laurel and garlands of flowers, and the penitents, uniting around her as she passed,

Digitized by Google

continued their song as they formed into a procession and followed her to the chapel. There all knelt in silent prayer and thanksgiving, and then rising, chanted together the psalm, '*Laudate Dominum Omnes Gentes.*' She was then led back to the refectory, and seated beneath an arch of flowers and green boughs, while fresh couplets were sung, and each of her flock came up in turn to present a flower, and was received by her with an affectionate embrace. Presently she observed one who had been ill almost the whole time of her absence, who had just contrived to drag herself to the refectory to enjoy the sight, but was not strong enough to walk the length of the room. Springing from her chair, she cried, 'You there, my poor Louise! are not you to have the pleasure of embracing your mother?' and she pressed her fondly in her arms. Next came the dinner, such an one as had never been tasted at La Miséricorde, and never was again, for a kind-hearted market woman had actually sent in a feast of poultry and peas, sufficient for the whole party, in honor of the return of the much beloved and honored Superior. Then followed afternoon service, and afterwards Mademoiselle de Lamourous had a fresh series of the theatrical compliments which are her nation's delight, an impersonation of each city on the way

Digitized by Google

to Paris being introduced by a legend, and led up to offer her homage; the concoction of these little speeches and of the whole spectacle having, of course, been the great delight of La Miséricorde for weeks past. But the vivacious replies, and playful extemporary couplets with which *la bonne mère* responded to each compliment, were, as well might be expected, the most charming part of the scene.

In the course of the festival, a present was brought from one of her nieces, a piece of white watered silk embroidered with the device of the 'pelican in her piety,' with the motto beneath—

> 'Even as the bird, herself unsparing,
> Thou, for thy brood, thine heart art tearing.'

all framed as a picture, and the couplet was sung as it was carried to her. This completely overcame her, and leaning forward she burst into tears,—the only time she had been seen to weep since her mother's death,—and cried out, 'O children, how you pain me!' She kept the picture to the day of her death, but not with the personal motto; she caused this to be picked out, and another worked in its stead, which gave the pelican the truest and highest application, 'Let My Blood be your Meat and Drink, My beloved,' and with this device it is still preserved in her room at La Miséricorde.

Digitized by Google

She was never again absent for many days together, except once, when the Abbé Chaminade sent her to Agen to establish an institution of the same kind, of which he was the founder; and then, fearing the agitation which the announcement of her departure would occasion, she left home without a word to any one, and Monsieur Chaminade himself explained the motive of her journey, and begged for the prayers of the household for the success of the enterprise. There was a dead silence, followed by irrepressible weeping; and all the time she was away, the house was like a soulless thing, until at the end of six weeks she returned, and was received with exceeding delight, though the ceremonial of her return from Paris remained unrivalled in the memory of the establishment.

She used likewise to go yearly to Le Pian, to gather in her vintage, besides other shorter visits, when she was greeted with great delight by the peasants, whom she always made welcome if they came to visit her at Bourdeaux. She would take with her any directress who could be spared, and made this great pleasure to herself one to all the household. On her return, she always had to endure a large allowance of complimentary couplets; but she never remonstrated, thinking the amusement of

Digitized by Google

composing them a safe occupation and variety. She likewise established two festivals on the day of the Assumption and of the Feast of St. Theresa, the 15th of October, simple affairs in themselves, but involving many weeks of preparation and anticipation, which prevented much discontent, and many a roving fancy that might otherwise have strayed to the free and mirthful licence of the grape gathering of sunny Bourdeaux.

Another arrangement of hers for the tranquillity of mind of her inmates should be recorded. Bourdeaux is a city liable to great fires, and she arranged that none of her household should be without easy access to a staircase reaching the roof. When there is a fire in the city, a great alarm bell is rung from a curious old Hôtel de Ville, built by our own Henry II.; and to obviate all those panics of confusion and agitation which she thought so mischievous to her flock, she gave orders that, at the first sound of the bell, a *surveillante* should hasten to the roof and give notice where the fire was.

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER VIII.

RULES OF THE ESTABLISHMENT.

'I', sentia voci, e ciascuna pareva,
Pregar per pace e per misericordia,
L' Agnél di Dio, che le peccata leva,
Pure *Agnus Dei*, eran le loro esordia
Una parola era in tutti e un modo,
Sì che parea tra esse ogni concordia.'

It was after her return from Paris that Mademoiselle de Lamourous drew up her system of rules for La Miséricorde. A regular method had, of course, prevailed there from the first; but she had too much good sense to enact decrees before she had gained experience, or to bind herself to an unproved discipline; and thus, it was not till she had governed the institution for twelve years, that she arranged the regulations of the house for the guidance of future Superiors.

Her flock were of very different ranks and degrees of cultivation—some girls, the '*de*' in whose names attested their high blood; some studiously trained in showy accomplishments; some taken from the keen and degraded refuse of the city; and others

Digitized by Google

from the equally ignorant and more dense peasantry. Such cases could not be dealt with collectively, and mutual association did more harm than the directresses could counteract; as it is found, in all asylums of a like nature, that the larger the number, the less hope of success, unless under close supervision and separation. To obviate this difficulty, Mademoiselle de Lamourous divided her penitents into families, six in number, and containing from nine to twelve members, under charge of a directress, who served as elder sister or mother. Each family had a separate garden, work-room, dormitory, and refectory; and was known as *La Famille de St. Joseph, de St. Thérèse, des Anges*, &c.,—as the case might be; and by way of breaking off all old recollections, every new comer was made to assume a new name. One was called Théologale, because the other penitents admitting her by acclamation, at a time when it was doubtful whether they could find bread for another day, *la bonne mère* said they had exercised the three *theological* virtues of faith, hope, and charity.

They rose very early, and sang a hymn of praise while dressing, and breakfasted on brown rye bread —there were only three great festivals in the year that they were allowed white; then came the ser-

Digitized by Google

vices in the chapel; then the work on which their livelihood depended. At twelve, a dinner upon soup and bread; work and devotions again; and an early supper upon cheese, bread, apples, or other garden produce; and then bed. Mademoiselle de Lamourous said, that the most ruinous foes of almost all her inmates were vanity, daintiness, and sloth; and it was her great object to combat these. For this very reason, she refused the offer of an endowment, which would have secured daily food to the inmates, saying that a life of labour was one great means of conversion; and it would lose reality unless they felt the necessity of working for their living. She impressed upon them that their fare, dress, and habits, were to be really penitential; and yet the lively sweetness which she kept up, and the cheerful songs of praise that varied their toils, rendered it a happy and attractive home. Silence would be enforced at certain hours, then a hymn would be sung, then a quarter-of-an-hour's release of tongues, but never without the presence of a directress. Daintiness or greediness was her great aversion, even though she rejoiced when any chance gift provided a little feast for the whole establishment, and when the convent fruit trees furnished a treat for each.

There was a peach tree covered with fruit one

Digitized by Google

summer, until an unlucky night when some inmates were forced to sit up to finish a piece of work, and in the morning it was found to have been stripped. She summoned the watchers of the evening before, and said—'I thought I had succeeded in establishing good order and subordination in this house, and I grieve to find myself mistaken. Disobedience reigns there still, and my strict commands are made game of. Some daughters of Eve among you have dared to eat of the forbidden fruit; and, like Eve, have sinned through disobedience and gluttony. I will not know which they are, that I may not have to punish such humiliating faults;' but you shall know, and the whole house shall know, that my orders are not infringed with impunity. The tree, whose fruit tempted you, is accursed; and from this moment shall produce nothing!'

She caused boiling water to be brought, and herself watered the tree with it before their eyes till it died; and the withered remains served for a long time as a spectacle of warning and terror; but when she saw that it had produced the desired impression, she had it cut down and removed. Indeed, the fertility of her invention in devising slight punishments adapted to the occasion was one of the causes of her success. One day she was

Digitized by Google

lecturing one of her charges, and seeing that her words were not successful, she said — 'Come, I think a couple of good slaps would do you no harm!' The girl stared. 'Yes, if you gave yourself two sound slaps, you might be cured. What do you say to it?'

'Eh! *bonne mère?*'

'Come, come—it is just what you want. Come, let us do things properly—slap yourself well! Once to the right—once to the left! Oh! how tender you are of yourself! Harder! harder! Recollect, 'tis the devil you are striking!' And the 'dumb, deaf spirit' was fairly chased away, and all was well again.

A little orphan of eight years old came begging to the gate in such a state of sickness and misery, that Mademoiselle de Lamourous took her into the house at once. As she could give no account of herself, except that she was called Virginie, she was placed under instruction to prepare her for a conditional baptism, and at first she was meek and subdued; but nursing and petting soon made her presume, and she boasted particularly of her grand 'lady's name of Virginie.'

'Very well,' said Mademoiselle de Lamourous, 'unless she changes her manners, we must change her name, and call her Friquette; if that is not

Digitized by Google

enough, let her be Fricasse; and if she continues conceited, she must always be Fricassée.'

These three dreadful degrees took effect: the little maid left off her airs, and in due time became sensible of higher motives. She was baptized by the name of Marie Thérèse, after her godmother, and, two years afterwards, died in the house from the effects of her sufferings during her wandering life.

Two other orphans were likewise received out of compassion. One was afterwards provided for by a lady who had seen her in the garden invoking the Blessed Virgin, after the custom of the household, to give her some new clothes; the other was the special protégée of one of the original penitents by name Landrine.

This woman had been sent out on an errand into the town, when, on returning, she told *la bonne mère* that she had brought back a sou too little, she could not help giving one to some ballad singers in the street. *La bonne mère* shook her head, and Landrine added, 'Not so much for the sake of the singers, as of a little girl with them. She looks so good, that I was quite touched!'

'That is well, Landrine, there are many unfortunate people in the world. Would we could succoru them all!'

Digitized by Google

'Yes, but the little girl, *ma bonne mère*,' hesitated Landrine.

'Well, what of the little girl?'

'If you could only see her, *ma bonne mère*, I am sure you would feel like me!'

'How absurd! I see her? It would be all very well if I could do any thing for her, but, like you, I have but a sou to give her! And where am I to find this child?'

'*Bonne mère*, she is down stairs at the gate! I was so sorry for her that I told her to follow me, hoping you might find her a little place in the house.'

'The house! You know the house is not a foundling hospital! We must extend the walls if you are to bring me every poor child in the street. But well, well, bring me your protégée.'

'But, *bonne mère*, she is not alone—the whole troop have followed her!'

'All down there?'

'Yes, waiting near the gate.'

'Very well, let me see these people.'

The troop was like a collection of human infirmity; there were four poor creatures who gained a miserable livelihood by singing to some musical instruments. One was blind, another deformed and

Digitized by Google

with but one hand, the third, mother to both, was a little old woman with a *tambour de basque*, the fourth was Landrine's little favourite. They were surprised at the kind manner of *la bonne mère*, and, in answer to her questions, told her that they led a precarious life as musicians, gaining very little, and often nothing, by all their pains.

'Oh! that is very sad,' said Mademoiselle de Lamourous. 'I am not rich, but you shall have some little reward. Come, sing us something, I am sure you have not ugly (*vilaines*) songs.'

'Oh no, madame, we have only good ones, and we will sing our very best for you.'

They began a loyal ditty, so sung and so accompanied as to overthrow the gravity of all the directresses present; but as soon as they had sung enough to give Mademoiselle de Lamourous an excuse for bestowing her gift, she thanked them, and presenting the money, offered, to Landrine's great delight, to keep the little girl and provide for her. The old woman had well nigh consented, but the child could not bear to leave her, and Landrine lamented bitterly over the disappointment; but, after two days, the whole party re-appeared, begging *la bonne mère* to give a shelter not only to the child, but to the one-handed woman;

Digitized by Google

the other two hoping to provide for themselves. *La bonne mère* thought them sent by Providence, and received them without hesitation. The little one was called Bonaventure, in honour of the happy chance that had conducted her to La Miséricorde. She was the child of wretched parents, who had given her to the ballad singers in order to be quit of her maintenance, and the poor women had taken great care of her, and shared every thing they had with her. Providence had watched over her and preserved her innocence of heart, and she was a most good and engaging child, fondly attached to Landrine, whom she called her aunt, and increasing in goodness every day. After little Bonaventure had been at La Miséricorde some years, and had been admitted to her first Communion, the good Landrine fell ill, and on hearing of her danger the child was miserable, entreating her to call her when she should be in heaven. Landrine made some such promise, provided her little friend continued good, and, in fact, Bonaventure only survived her a fortnight, dying after two days' illness, rejoicing at following her aunt, while the community decided that this was a proof that Landrine had been received into a state of bliss. The one-handed woman likewise died peacefully and hopefully at La Miséricorde.

Digitized by Google

La bonne mère made her directresses sisters and friends, but she kept up admirable order, and her instructions have ever since been preserved. 'Children,' she said, 'we must be the last of all, it is the place which belongs to us naturally, and which we ought to take. Therefore, we should be able to endure humiliation and contempt. A person told me that I should do well to change the name of the establishment, and that it would meet with more consideration if it were called something otherwise than *La Miséricorde*. I answered that I should beware of so doing, and if the house did not bear that name, I should give it; that we were contented to be looked down upon; and that I should be very sorry to have any coadjutrix who was desirous of worldly esteem and honour. The spirit of the world is contrary to that of our Lord,—remember that, and as I cannot often collect you to tell you so, repeat it to one another. If we are the last on earth in conformity with the will of God, and the spirit of our calling, let us firmly trust that we shall not be the last in heaven.'

Simply educated and eminently practical, she did not love learned ladies. She said she was always ready to laugh at their pretensions, and would be ashamed to be their mother. 'The Gospel, the Imitation of Jesus Christ, the Pater, the Ave, and our

Digitized by Google

work, should be all our study,' said she. 'Strange things will be seen in the Judgment-day. Then will be known the true worth of a good woman who sweeps the house well, spins her distaff well, takes good care of her children, and all for the love of God and to do her duty. Then will be seen how much higher she will be set than some who crack their whips much louder!' 'Never forget,' she would likewise say, 'what you are, nor where you are. Beware of playing the fine lady! Ah! if after my death you should take up airs, fineries, and fashions, I should ask leave to come and give you each a good blow with this hand of mine, very—very cold! Should you be afraid to see me?'

'No, *bonne mère*,' they would say, with smiles that showed they were not likely to give such cause for bringing her again.

The penitents were desired to 'regard their directresses as instruments of God, for conducting them back to the right path.' Any complaint of former troubles was to be made to the Superior, 'not to their companions, whom they might injure by such confidences; while, in their mother, they should find comfort for their sorrows, strength for their trials, wholesome advice and soothing, both for spiritual and temporal suffering.'

Digitized by Google

Discernment of character fitted *la bonne mère* to receive these avowals of sin and sorrow. She found the confessor of the establishment so liable to be taken in by delusive appearances of repentance, that she said in her quick droll way, that women ought to have women confessors, and she often had to prepare them and to direct the confessor. A poor woman had once, contrary to the judgment of Mademoiselle de Lamourous, been admitted to the Holy Communion, the priest thinking that her confession had been full and sincere; but afterwards, when very ill, she owned that she had kept back one guilty action. The priest came again, again she would not confess this sin, and finally she died in agonies of terror because she had not been absolved. After this, he always trusted to the judgment of *la bonne mère* rather than to his own. The directresses, on the other hand, like many other good women, were liable at confession to delight in long explanations of feelings and sentiments, and all the fascinating pleasures of self-dissection. Mademoiselle de Lamourous announced that she had a father confessor on purpose for these, Père Dubois—perfectly patient and discreet, who should have no other employment in the house but to solace such tender consciences. Promising to intro

Digitized by Google

duce this charming 'Père Dubois,' she brought before her scrupulous coadjutrixes, with much ceremony, a small wooden Capuchin, whose hood rose and fell with changes of weather, the only director whose patience would hold out for such confessions!

Her manner of receiving new penitents varied according to her momentary perception of their disposition. Some she would tenderly embrace, and soothe, like the angels rejoicing over the returning sheep; some she would meet with rebukes and assurances that they were great sinners, in much need of penitence; but she seldom or never erred in her judgment of the treatment which would best bind them to her. One day a penitent told her she was weary of the place and was going away.

'You are tired, daughter? I may well pardon you, for so am I.'

'You weary of the place, *bonne mère?*'

'Are you surprised? Do you think it pleasanter to me to live here than to you? The only difference is, that you are weary of yourself alone, I am wearied for all of you! But what would you have? It is God's will. Take my hand, and we will talk of it no more.'

She shook hands with the penitent, who thought

Digitized by Google

no more of going. Another likewise, under a fit of weariness, was brought to her during an illness, bent upon going, and very obdurate. After some vain arguments, *la bonne mère* asked where her home lay.

'At Preygnac.'

'Preygnac! then we are neighbours! I am of Barsac. Think how much I must care for those of my own country!' And she launched out into praises of her birthplace, declaring she could not bear to lose the company of one who came from it. But seeing that this had no effect, she added, 'Since you come from Preygnac, no doubt you can make *cruchade?*' The woman owned to being able to prepare this local delicacy. 'Oh! how glad I am!' cried Mademoiselle de Lamourous. 'I know you will make some for a poor sick woman? Make some for me, I beg of you. These Bourdeaux people don't understand it; it is only at home that we make good *cruchade.*' The woman was flattered by this little wile, promised to make the *cruchade,* cooked it with all her heart, and was so much thanked and praised that she thought herself valuable, lost the sense of weariness, and contentedly remained at La Miséricorde.

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER IX.

LA BONNE MÈRE IN HER BED ROOM.

Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice.

A PHYSICIAN who chanced to be attending Mademoiselle de Lamourous, when the bell was ringing for prayers, asked permission to join the congregation, and afterwards remonstrated with her on the smallness and closeness of the oratory, assuring her that it was injurious to the health of the community.

'God employs the doctor to make His will known to me,' thereupon reasoned *la bonne mère;* 'who but a physician should judge what hurts the bodies of my daughters, and of the precautions I ought to take for them? Therefore, it is His will that the church should be restored. It shall be restored!'

Never doubting that means would be provided, she set workmen to clear out the rubbish and clean away the remains of the saltpetre works,—a task which lasted the whole winter, ere the low-browed arches were brought to light, and the twelve crosses built into the wall, the only sacred ornaments which had survived the destruction, except the altar of the

Digitized by Google

Holy Sepulchre and the figures around it, of which only one was headless. This done, she applied for the assistance of a priest able to superintend the work of restoration; and, by the willing labour of her inmates, by money raised on her own estates, and above all by subscriptions from the charitable, she succeeded in the completion of the work; and various gifts from different sources fitted up the edifice as it at present stands.

Even by the time the church was finished, Mademoiselle de Lamourous had become so infirm from rheumatism that she could scarcely walk thither; and she gradually became entirely confined to her chamber, often suffering severely. Her bedroom and little oratory remain exactly in the condition in which they were when she inhabited them; the furniture of pale unpolished mahogany, simple and useful, in the style of sixty years since; plain and lady-like, but not of monastic simplicity or discomfort, for Mademoiselle de Lamourous' self-denials rose out of charity, not asceticism. It looked out into the garden, and Mademoiselle de Lamourous caused a balcony to be put at the window, whence she could watch her children at their recreation.

That plain little bed of hers became a *lit de justice* — a throne of government — for the whole

Digitized by Google

house. There she administered her finances, gave audiences to visitors or to tradesmen, admitted new inmates, received the reports of her directresses, and exhorted or rebuked single cases. Every contribution was carried to her bedside, and gratefully received, even the smallest scrap that would serve for patchwork, and was afterwards sent on to the oratory to be presented to the Blessed Virgin, whom she esteemed as the real head of the house.

Much of her government was carried on by notes, sometimes to whole classes, sometimes to individuals, and often to the sick, on whom she spent much thought, sometimes even going to visit them in a wheeled chair. It was her great delight to share her meals with them; and the wine from her own vineyard at Pian, was deemed by the patients to have a special virtue as *le vin de la bonne mère*. A specimen follows of one of her notes.

'Dear Sick Ones in the Infirmary,—Your poor mother herself, likewise too infirm to visit you in person, unites her sufferings with yours, and offers them to the Lord in expiation of our sins. Let us take courage, dear girls, let us not lose the fruit of our pains and privations. The mercy of our Divine

Digitized by Google

Saviour only permits our troubles in order to enable us to expiate our sins. Happy and consoling penance, which, by purifying souls, makes them win bliss, even eternal bliss! Courage then! courage! If my body cannot leave my room, my heart and mind are ever with you. And that the God of all Mercy may bless you and give you peace, is the heart-felt prayer of your good mother.'

It is not the letter of an Anglican; the spirit fostered by Romanism, of weighing out the recompense for each grievance, and regarding tribulation as positive atonement, is perhaps too apparent; and we are inclined to wish that the specimen preserved had been one which dwelt more on the thought which did in very truth hallow and sweeten all her trials, namely, their union with the Blessed Cross and Passion, the only full Atonement.

There were long correspondences carried on in the way of question and answer, which have been all collated and preserved. A few instances are here given.

Question.—'Tell us, good mother, how getting up at the first moment of being waked is a remedy for the past and a safeguard for the future.

Answer.—'Readiness to get up is, at La Miséricorde, a remedy for the evil habit of lying in bed

Digitized by Google

out of idleness, caprice, or luxury. It is a safeguard, because it involves an early sacrifice, which, if made in the spirit of repentance, prepares the soul to submit to any other there may be need to offer to the Lord in the course of the day.

Q.—'How can breakfast be a remedy for the past, and a safeguard for the future?

A.—'Dry bread is a remedy against the blameable habit of yielding to daintiness or gluttony; and it is a wholesome safeguard against the return of such temptations.

Q.—'How should our work in the workroom, the remembrance of the meditation, and the singing of the hymn, act as remedies for the past and safeguards for the future?

A.—'When you take up your work on entering the workroom, you should resolve to retrieve lost time, do penance, and atone for the idleness which was the occasion of so many evils. The recollection of the meditation ought to be a barrier against the levity of your minds, and to renew the feelings which the Word of God should have awakened. The singing of the hymn should unite you with the heavenly choir, and draw down on you the blessing of the holy angels, whom you have so often grieved by vicious songs. Thus, dear daughters, work, singing,

Digitized by Google

and holy reflections should make you gradually lose the pernicious habit of giving way to an unrestrained imagination.'

She could sometimes be stern. A woman, who had always been unsatisfactory, and whom she had often pleaded with in vain, wrote to ask for an interview. Her written answer was—

'Clotilde, by her behaviour in the house, will bring down some thunderbolt which she ought to dread. It may come sooner than she thinks. She asks to speak to me. She shall not speak to me till she has given proof that she wishes to repent. She has abused so many such audiences, that she shall have no more save on such terms. Her shocking behaviour, since she has obtained the favour of returning to the house, has deserved many times the blow which threatens her, for the house of La Miséricorde is not for such as persevere in having neither faith nor law.'

The poor creature shortly after was found dead in her bed, having had no space for repentance.

Not only did *la bonne mère* concern herself about the internal arrangement of her house, but she was always willing to receive visitors in her room, whether grave ecclesiastics, ladies like herself devoted to

Digitized by Google

good works, or little children. Her face was always smooth and unwrinkled, and she still retained the peculiarly graceful gesture with her head which gave such an air of courtesy; and this, with her sweet smile and ready sympathy, so completely gained the love of the little ones, that they often preferred sitting beside her pillow to walking with their *bonnes*. She had always had a great love for children, and often had with her those of her brother and sisters, who used to cling to her side in church, and hide under her pelisse, when she was at her prayers. One of her little nephews was taken by her to the church at Pian, on his seventh birthday, and there placed before the font, and taught to make a solemn renewal of his baptismal vows.

Her love for all that was little and gentle extended to the birds; and, after she was confined to her room, she was always anxious to hear that in the winter the crumbs had been saved for them, while, if one chanced to be caught, it was always brought to her, that she might have the pleasure of letting it fly.

She had become the chief counsellor of all who wished to set up similar institutions; but she would never permit them to be considered as offshoots in connection with her own, saying, that they ought to

Digitized by Google

be regarded like the married daughters of a family, over whom the mother ceases to exercise authority, though not to love and advise them. One day, after a long conversation with a clergyman, she reported it thus to her directresses, who wrote down her words :—

'This excellent priest has been telling me of some pious ladies who wished, at first, to found a house of mercy like ours. He said they had spent a great deal of money, and finding themselves unable to succeed, had given a different form to their establishment. He did not speak in a very encouraging manner; he said he did not know why, but houses like ours seldom succeeded. Do you wish to know why? I answered. It is because of human calculations; because, before receiving inmates, people choose to have a convenient house, linen in the wardrobes, wheat in the barn, money in the drawer, and the like, not leaning entirely on those words of our Lord — 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.' The gentleman seemed pleased with my answer. And certainly our work, being entirely spiritual, can neither be founded nor supported by human views and ordinary calculations. But it is to us, the directresses, that it belongs, to bring upon the

Digitized by Google

house these 'added things,' which God promised neither to carelessness nor waste. Let us therefore esteem whatever Providence may deign to send us; for, however coarse and trifling the articles may be, they are still Divine gifts. Let us still take care not to deceive ourselves into obtaining, under pretext of necessity, comforts, not exceeding what nature finds sufficient, but which God disapproves as superfluities, unbecoming poverty, and which might, by the curse attached to them, deprive the house of the 'things added,' on which it subsists. Let us then first be poor, and bring down the blessing by the spirit of order and economy, permitting ourselves nothing that the poor cannot allow themselves. Let us always keep the scales in our hands, but without trouble or anxiety. People fancy many things needful to form a refuge. What is wanting? This:—a house of four rooms, one for the oratory, one for the bed room, a work room, and dining room, for this same would likewise serve for a kitchen. What more? Food for a day—work for a week—six francs in the pocket. That is all that is necessary, and no more. With this you may found as many refuges as you please, at least, to my mind. I speak according to what I believe has been God's leading of me. Others may act differently, and see more clearly than I do; but,

Digitized by Google

with regard to myself, I feel that this has been the will of God.'

Whenever she heard of any instance of success, she would say—'It is the more pleasure to me that I have no temptation of vain glory to combat, for I know very well that this house is God's work, not mine; and so I can enjoy it, as if some one else had been His instrument. Balaam's poor ass could do nothing, but God made her speak; no more could I have done anything towards the rise of this institution, but all was through the power of God!'

This humility was assuredly simplicity, and not self-deception, for she shrank with genuine horror from all personal compliment, and cut short, with the utmost dryness, certain theological students who wanted to read her an episcopal charge, full of her praises; and when one of her inmates had been heard to boast, with enthusiasm, of the possession of some trifle that once had belonged to her, she threw it into the fire, laughing and saying, 'That's the value to be set on it, great goose! Were you not fancying it a relic?'

And yet, when she was told of a poor woman who called her a great saint, she said, 'Beware of making her lose the notion; there are so many things in this world that cause bad thoughts, that I

Digitized by Google

am glad to cause any good one. No one can say that another is a saint without a good thought, since that leads to God. So let her believe what she pleases.'

Others were of the same opinion. Monseigneur d'Avian, the Archbishop of Bourdeaux, used to call her the wonder of his diocese; and, on hearing of some of the events which her admirers magnified into miracles, said the only wonder would have been if she had not worked them. He used to point out La Miséricorde to his friends with the words, 'This is the finger of God!' and he would entreat the prayers of the house when he was about to engage in any work of importance or difficulty.

To him, and to other lawfully constituted authorities, *la bonne mère* paid implicit obedience; but she did not give way out of deference to advisers of any rank, unless her own judgment were convinced. 'My establishment dates from the Revolution; it began in the days of liberty!' she said to an over zealous counsellor, 'it must needs show something of its origin!'

A priest of high rank had found fault with the chant used for the Litanies sung in La Miséricorde, and told the directresses that he should send them another. *La bonne mère* desired them to refuse

Digitized by Google

it; and, finding them afraid to oppose him, said, 'Well, I will tell him. I will give him my reasons politely, but should he persist, I shall declare that we will not alter our tune. We are mistresses at home, and we must preserve our freedom, otherwise, children, you will soon be enslaved. For fear of vexing one, or mortifying another, you would be led by the last comer, and each would think himself your master, and so, step by step, our hymns would be changed, our classes destroyed. I will not have it so. Let us have a character of our own, and remember that so had Saint Theresa. If you are *poules mouillées*, the first little country curate would turn you round his finger. Let us submit in spiritual things. The clergy rule us in the pulpit and confessional, but beyond these we only owe them respect and regard. As to this house, you are at home there, it is your work, your rule, and your habits. Hold to them, and strongly!'

Certainly the Protestant lady did her justice, who said that she was a woman with the head of a legislator. and the heart of an angel.

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER X.

DEATH.

'When he lieth down, his sleep shall be sweet.'

For sixteen years *la bonne mère* was almost constantly a prisoner to her chamber, gradually losing all use of her legs, and often suffering acutely from a complication of disorders. In the last few months of her life she was covered with sores and wounds, so that she could not be touched or lifted without great pain; but she endured all, not so much with patience as with joy. Her faculties were as perfect as ever, her interest in all around undiminished; her sweet smile and courteous nod were ready for all who entered her room, and the villagers of Pian for many years delighted to remember the merry laugh with which she would enquire for the trees and vines of her beloved home. Each service rendered to her by her loving attendants was received with thankfulness; nay, so unchanging was the gentleness of her tone, that they could not even find out when, by some accident, they were increasing instead of lessening her suffering. Her only fear in accepting their attentions was one that we can scarcely understand,

Digitized by Google

that they should be waiting upon her more from personal affection to her than out of general charity and the love of God.

On the 4th of September, 1836, her strength suddenly began to fail, and though the physician detected no other sign of approaching death, it was decided that she should receive extreme unction at about ten at night. After this ceremony, she lay for some hours perfectly still, but at length, fixing her eyes on the directresses who were sitting up with her, she asked them to sing the death song, a French hymn of which she was very fond, the burthen of which was—

'To die, to die, yes, death is sweet,
Since 'tis by death my Lord I meet.'

After their trembling voices had sung a few verses, she thanked them, saying it was enough, and she then appeared to sleep. In the morning she looked so well that she was congratulated on it, and said smiling, 'Am I not pretty well for the day after extreme unction? Indeed, I had not thought myself come to that!'

She continued in this state for some days, perfectly calm and with the mildest tranquillity upon her face, constantly praying, and conversing at times with the directresses, whom she endeavoured to prepare to withstand the violent excitement of grief

Digitized by Google

and despair that she feared her death might occasion in the house.

On the 13th, she felt that her call was near, and desired all the directresses to be summoned. When all fourteen were assembled, she said, 'My children, I ask your pardon for all the wrong deeds I have done before you; kneel down and ask God's pardon for me!' Presently she added, 'I am going to pray for a blessing on you,' and lifting up her hands, she continued, 'God bless you, of His goodness, my children! Love one another, as I have loved you. I entreat you to observe wisdom, mildness, and unanimity. If the good God has mercy on me, I will remember each and all. Take courage, God will not forsake you. Undertake nothing without having recourse to the holy Virgin, consult her in difficulties, take her for your mother. Do not think of the vacancy left by my absence; it is but a journey, and we shall soon meet again!'

After a short interval, she continued, 'Promise me to obey her whom I leave in my place, even as you have obeyed me. Do you promise me?'

When they had answered 'Yes,' she turned to her intended successor and said, 'And you take courage. I always told you that God's will was that you should take my place. At this moment, when I am ready

Digitized by Google

to appear before Him, I repeat it to you again with greater certainty. Love your companions as I have loved them!' And, addressing herself to them, 'All of you come, my children, embrace me, and press my hand!'

She then sent for the superintendents, and exhorted them to be zealous for the conversion of their companions, and obedient to the directresses, blessed them and dismissed them, saying with regard to the other penitents, 'I cannot see them all, but you will tell them that I die with the desire of their salvation in my heart!'

She still lived on to the next day, when she received her last Communion, and afterwards admitted some of her relations, who wished to be with her at the last. She kissed and blessed a little grand-nephew and niece, and, though fast sinking, spoke from time to time kind words to those around her, but far more frequently went through those various 'acts of devotion' that her Church provides for the union of the soul with her Creator. Thus she lay calmly till half-past six in the evening, when she raised her eyes for a moment, then closed them, bowed her head, and gently breathed her last, in the eighty-second year of her heavenly life.

Of course there was universal mourning and

Digitized by Google

desolation throughout the house; but the anxious injunctions of the beloved mother strengthened the directresses in the self-command by which they endeavoured to prevent the penitents from giving way to a dangerous excess of lamentation. Some of the poor women had been inclined to fancy that the house could not stand without the foundress, and there was danger that they might hurry from it in despair, and therefore it was a great object to keep matters going on as much as usual as possible. The first effect of the tidings was a universal stupor, succeeded by sobs, tears, and prayers; but, to the great relief of the directresses, there were no wild manifestations, the penitents continued manageable, and no one thought of leaving the house. There had been a great scarcity of work, when, on the day of the death of *la bonne mère*, fifteen dozen shirts were sent in to be made and washed within forty-eight hours. There was some doubt whether in the general distress the work could be done, but the classes begged as a favour to be allowed to sit up to it all night, declaring that is was useless for them to go to bed, as they knew they could not sleep, and that it would be a kindness to them to allow them to watch and to work. Faithfully they did so, murmuring their prayers as they sat at their needlework. The shirts

Digitized by Google

were finished on the appointed day, and the means thus earned helped the establishment through the first difficulties ensuing on her death.

La bonne mère had greatly wished to be simply buried like any other directress, and her coadjutrixes, as well as her nephew, the curate of Le Pian, did their best that her desires should be fulfilled; but the clergy of Bourdeaux declared that it would displease the whole city to be prevented from paying her due honour; and all they would grant was, that the corpse should not be taken to the cathedral. It lay with the face uncovered for some time in her own room, and numbers of persons came in, not only to give a last look at the celestial serenity of her features, but with the desire to touch them with various articles, thenceforth regarded as relics.

Permission had been given by the local magistracy for her to be buried in her own church, but the world would not be satisfied till her remains, in her ordinary dress, had been carried round the town upon a bier, carried by the directresses, assisted by the sisters of St. Vincent de Paul, preceded by the municipal guard on horseback, and followed by two of the magistrates, and by deputations from the various clerical and charitable establishments. This procession over, the coffin was placed in the chapel,

Digitized by Google

and the requiem mass chanted over it. It remained there till the licence for this interment within the city had been ratified in Paris, and then was placed in the vault by the loving hands of the directresses.

The spot is marked by a tablet of white marble thus inscribed :—

✠

'Marie Thérèse Charlotte de Lamourous,
First Superior and Foundress of the House
of La Miséricorde at Bourdeaux,
Born on the 1st of November, 1754,
Died the 14th of September, 1836.

The righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance.
Ps. cxii.'

Well may her loving daughters fondly keep a wreath of roses hung over her portrait.

La Miséricorde had so thoroughly imbibed the spirit of the foundress that it continued to subsist in the same manner, unendowed, but totally dependent on the labours of the inmates, and the alms of the faithful. So far are the penitents from expecting to live at ease without exertion or privation, that when, in 1847, a scarcity of provisions had made them begin to run in debt, they said 'Why should we not have but one meal a-day, we shall not die of that?'

The present Superior is the niece of Mademoiselle

Digitized by Google

de Lamourous, and seems to have inherited many of her aunt's peculiar gifts. An English lady who visited La Miséricorde in the spring of 1854, describes the whole as much in the condition in which *la bonne mère* must have left it; though there are now eight classes instead of only six, and the numbers are so large that there are fifty penitents lodged out in a country house. The cigar work was taken from them in 1832, and they support themselves by such work as they can obtain,—washing, needlework, and making artificial flowers for the adornment of altars and figures of the saints.

In the year 1852, there were 440 penitents under the charge of twenty-three directresses, assisted by the *surveillantes* chosen from among the really reformed. The penitents are never left alone together without a directress or a *surveillante*, and their history is known to the Superior and confessor alone. They are free to come or go: some have gone to service, others have returned to their families, some have married, but the greater number cling for life to La Miséricorde, and one has spent fifty years there. The mixture of cheerfulness and tender love with strict toil and severe penance, seems to have been unusually effective in accomplishing that most difficult task which has become a problem to so many minds.

Digitized by Google

The habits of thinking which prevail in the Roman Catholic Church undoubtedly afford great facilities both for obtaining persons willing to devote themselves to works of charity, and for gaining a hold upon the blunted convictions of the outcast; but of late we have seen that the still deeper and more real teaching of our own Church has impelled numbers to undertake these labours of love. They have met with sufficient success to show that the task, though beset with difficulties, is far from hopeless, and that the homeless and forlorn will gladly welcome the first promise of refuge and rescue. But when the cry all around is, 'Give us the means, and numbers of lost sheep will flock to the fold which we would fain hold open to them!' surely it may be to the purpose to show, that destitution has once been made the very engine of a thorough reformation, and that the charity which 'hopeth all things, believeth all things, beareth all things,' is truly the most mighty instrument in this, as in every other good work.

THE END.

Digitized by Google

LONDON :
PRINTED BY GEORGE PHIPPS, RANELAGH STREET,
EATON SQUARE.

Digitized by Google

STANDARD BOOKS

PUBLISHED BY

JOHN W. PARKER AND SON, WEST STRAND.

History of Civilization in England. By HENRY THOMAS BUCKLE. Vol. I. 21s.

History of Normandy and of England. By Sir F. PALGRAVE. Vols. I. and II. 21s. each.

History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth. By J. A. FROUDE, M.A. Vols. I. and II. 26s. Vols. III. and IV. 28s.

History of England during the Reign of George the Third. By W. MASSEY, M.P. Vol. I. 12s. Vol. II. *in the Press.*

The Kingdom and People of Siam. By Sir JOHN BOWRING, F.R.S. Two Vols. With Map and Illustrations. 32s.

The Spanish Conquest in America, and its Relation to the History of Slavery and to the Government of Colonies. By ARTHUR HELPS. Vols. I. and II. 28s. Vol. III. 16s.

Biographical History of Philosophy. By G. H. LEWES. Octavo. Revised and Enlarged. 16s.

State Papers and Correspondence, illustrative of the Political and Social State of Europe, from the Revolution to the Accession of the House of Hanover. With Introduction, Memoirs, and Notes, by J. M. KEMBLE, M.A. 16s.

Principles of Political Economy. By J. STUART MILL. Two Volumes. Octavo. 30s.

System of Logic. By the same. Two Volumes. 25s.

Bacon's Essays. With Annotations. By the ARCHBISHOP of DUBLIN. Octavo. 10s. 6d.

Oxford Essays. 1855, 1856, 1857, 1858. 7s. 6d. each.

Cambridge Essays. 1855, 1856, 1857. 7s. 6d. each.

History of the Inductive Sciences. By W. WHEWELL, D.D., Master of Trinity College, Cambridge. Three Volumes. 24s.

By the same Author.

Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences. Two Volumes. 30s.

Indications of the Creator—Extracts from History and Philosophy of Inductive Sciences. 5s. 6d.

Elements of Morality. Two Volumes. 15s.

Lectures on History of Moral Philosophy in England. 8s.

Lectures on Systematic Morality. 7s. 6d.

Notes on German Churches, 12s.

On the Credibility of the Early Roman History. By the Right Hon. Sir G. C. LEWIS, Bart., M.P. Two Vols. 30s.

By the same Author.

On the Methods of Observation and Reasoning in Politics. Two Vols. 28s.

On the Influence of Authority in Matters of Opinion. 10s. 6d.

On the Use and Abuse of certain Political Terms. 9s. 6d.

Müller's History of the Literature of Greece. Translated by Sir G. C. LEWIS and Dr. DONALDSON, and completed on the Author's plan by Dr. DONALDSON. Two Vols. 8vo.

Transactions of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science. 8vo. 15s.

Digitized by Google

History of the Whig Ministry of 1830, to the passing of the Reform Bill. By J. A. ROEBUCK, M.P. Two Volumes. 28s.

History of Trial by Jury. By W. FORSYTH, Q.C. Octavo. 8s. 6d.

Institutes of Justinian; with Introduction, Translation, and Notes. By T. C. SANDARS, M.A. 15s.

Varronianus; a Critical and Historical Introduction to the Study of the Latin Language. By J. W. DONALDSON, D.D. 14s.

The New Cratylus; Contributions towards a more accurate Knowledge of the Greek Language. By Dr. DONALDSON. 18s.

Principles and Maxims of Jurisprudence. By J. G. PHILLIMORE, Q.C. 12s.

Suggestions for the Repression of Crime. By M. D. HILL, Q.C. 16s.

Introductory Lectures on Political Economy. By R. WHATELY, D.D., Archbishop of Dublin. Fourth Edition. 8s.

The Senses and the Intellect. By ALEX. BAIN, M.A. Octavo. 15s.

Of the Plurality of Worlds; an Essay. 6s.

The Mediterranean: a Memoir, Physical, Historical, and Nautical. By Admiral SMYTH. 15s.

Cloister Life of Charles the Fifth. By W. STIRLING, M.P. 8s.

Velazquez and his Works. By W. STIRLING, M.P. 5s.

Modern Painting at Naples. By LORD NAPIER. 4s. 6d.

Goethe's Opinions on Mankind Literature, Science, and Art. 3s. 6d.

Essays on the Drama. By W. B. DONNE. 6s.

The Essays and Remains of Rev. Robert Alfred Vaughan. Edited, with a Memoir, by R. VAUGHAN, D.D. Two Volumes. With Portrait. 14s.

Friends in Council. Two Vols. 9s.

Companions of my Solitude. 3s. 6d.

Elements of Logic. By R. WHATELY, D.D., Archbishop of Dublin. 4s. 6d. Octavo, 10s. 6d.

Elements of Rhetoric. By the same Author. 4s. 6d. Octavo, 10s. 6d.

Annotated Edition of the English Poets. By ROBERT BELL. In volumes. 2s. 6d., in cloth.

Chaucer. Eight Volumes. 20s.

Thomson. Two Volumes. 5s.

Shakspeare's Poems. 2s. 6d.

Butler. Three Volumes. 7s. 6d.

Dryden. Three Volumes. 7s. 6d.

Cowper. With Selections from Lloyd, Cotton, Brooke, Darwin, and Hayley. Three Volumes. 7s. 6d.

Surrey, Minor Contemporaneous Poets, and Lord Buckhurst. 2s. 6d.

Songs from the Dramatists. 2s. 6d.

Sir Thomas Wyatt. 2s. 6d.

John Oldham. 2s. 6d.

Edmund Waller. 2s. 6d.

Ben Jonson. 2s. 6d.

Early Ballads. 2s. 6d.

Greene and Marlowe. 2s. 6d.

Ancient Poems, Ballads, and Songs of the Peasantry. 2s. 6d.

Andromeda and other Poems. By the Rev. C. KINGSLEY. 5s.

Oulita, the Serf. A Tragedy. By the Author of 'Friends in Council.' 6s.

Digitized by Google

'Spiritual Songs' for the Sundays and Holidays throughout the year. By JOHN S. B. MONSELL, LL.D. 4s. 6d.

Days and Hours. By FREDERICK TENNYSON. 6s.

The Angel in the House. By COVENTRY PATMORE. One Volume. 7s. 6d.

The Saint's Tragedy. By the Rev. C. KINGSLEY. 2s.

Justin Martyr, and other Poems. By R. CHENEVIX TRENCH. 6s.

By the same Author.

Poems from Eastern Sources: Genoveva and others Poems. 5s. 6d.

Elegiac Poems. By the same. 2s. 6d.

The Poems of Goethe. Translated by EDGAR A. BOWRING. 7s. 6d.

Schiller's Poems, Complete. Translated by E. A. BOWRING. 6s.

Calderon's Life's a Dream: the Great Theatre of the World. With Essay. By R. CHENEVIX TRENCH. 4s. 6d.

Six Dramas of Calderon. Translated by E. FITZGERALD. 4s. 6d.

Aladdin. A Dramatic Poem. By OEHLENSCHLAEGER. Translated by THEODORE MARTIN. 5s.

The Sea Spirit and other Poems. By Lady STEPHEN LUSHINGTON. 4s. 6d.

Normiton and other Poems. By MARY C. HUME. 5s.

The Heir of Redclyffe. 6s.

By the same Author.

Heartsease. 6s.

Dynevor Terrace. 6s.

Daisy Chain. Two Volumes. 10s. 6d.

Little Duke. 1s. 6d.

Lances of Lynwood. 3s.

Dorothy. A Tale. 4s. 6d.

By the same Author.

De Cressy. 4s. 6d.

Still Waters. Two Vols. 9s.

Uncle Ralph. 4s. 6d.

The Interpreter: a Tale of the War. By G. J. WHYTE MELVILLE. 10s. 6d.

By the same Author.

Digby Grand. 5s.

Kate Coventry. 7s. 6d.

General Bounce. Two Vols. 15s.

For and Against; or, Queen Margaret's Badge. By FRANCES M. WILBRAHAM. Two Vols.

Likes and Dislikes; or, Passages in the Life of Emily Marsden.

Hassan. An Egyptian Tale. By the Hon. C. A. MURRAY, C.B., Author of 'The Prairie Bird.' Two Vols. 21s.

What you Will. An Irregular Romance. 5s.

Guy Livingstone; or, Thorough. 3s.

Dauntless. By the Author of 'Revelations of a Commonplace Man.' Two Vols. 9s.

Compensation. A Story of Real Life Thirty Years Ago. Two Volumes. 9s.

The Upper Ten Thousand: Sketches of American Society. By A NEW YORKER. 5s.

Gwen; or, The Cousins. By A. M. GOODRICH. Two Vols. 9s.

The Myrtle and the Heather. Two Vols. By the same Author. 9s.

Yeast: a Problem. By the Rev. C. KINGSLEY. 5s.

Hypatia. By the same Author. 6s.

Digitized by Google

Chance and Choice; or, the Education of Circumstances. 7s. 6d.

Becker's Gallus; or, Roman Scenes of the Time of Augustus, with Notes and Excursus. 12s.

Becker's Charicles; or, Illustrations of the Private Life of the Ancient Greeks. 10s. 6d.

The Wedding Guests. By Mary C. Hume. Two Volumes. 16s.

Light and Shade. By Anna H. Drury. 6s.

By the same Author.

Friends and Fortune. 6s.

The Inn by the Sea-side. 2s.

Brampton Rectory. 8s. 6d.

By the same Author.

Youth and Womanhood of Helen Tyrrel. 6s.

Compton Merivale. 8s. 6d.

The Cardinal Virtues. By Harriette Campbell. Two Volumes. 7s.

The Merchant and the Friar. By Sir F. Palgrave. 3s.

New Friends: a Tale for Children. By the Author of 'Julian and his Playfellows.' 2s. 6d.

The Crusaders. By T. Keightley. 7s.

The Lord and the Vassal; a Familiar Exposition of the Feudal System. 2s.

Young Officer's Companion. By Lord De Ros. 6s.

Labaume's History of Napoleon's Invasion of Russia. 2s. 6d.

Historical Sketch of the British Army. By G. R. Gleig, M.A. 3s. 6d.

Family History of England. By the same. Three Vols. 10s. 6d.

Musical History, Biography, and Criticism. By George Hogarth. Two Volumes. 10s. 6d.

God's Acre; or, Historical Notices relating to Churchyards. By Mrs. Stone, Author of the 'History of the Art of Needlework.' 10s. 6d.

Shipwrecks of the Royal Navy. By W. O. S. Gilly. With Preface by Dr. Gilly. 5s.

Danger of Superficial Knowledge. By Prof. J. D. Forbes. 2s.

Meliora; or, Better Times to Come. Edited by Viscount Ingestre, M.P. Two Series. 5s. each.

Introductory Lectures Delivered at Queen's College, London. 5s.

Woman's Mission. Fourteenth Edition, gilt edges. 2s. 6d.

Woman's Rights and Duties. Two Vols. 14s.

Intellectual Education, and its Influence on the Character and Happiness of Woman. By Emily Shirreff, one of the Authors of 'Thoughts on Self-Culture.'

Translated by G. V. Cox, M.A.

Ullmann's Gregory of Nazianzum. 6s.

Neander's Julian the Apostate and his Generation. 3s. 6d.

Dallmann's Life of Herodotus. 5s.

By W. Cooke Taylor, LL.D.

Student's Manual of Ancient History. 6s.

Student's Manual of Modern History. 6s.

History of Mohammedanism. 4s.

History of Christianity. 6s. 6d.

Digitized by Google

Hellas: the Home, History, Literature, and Arts of the Ancient Greeks. By F. Jacobs. Translated by J. Oxenford. 4s. 6d.

By Dawson W. Turner, M.A.

Analysis of Grecian History. 2s.

Analysis of Roman History. 2s.

Analysis of English and of French History. 2s.

Peloponnesus—Notes of Study and Travel. By W. G. Clark, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College, Cambridge.

Sketches of India, Ancient and Modern, in Connexion with the Rise and Policy of the Company. By C. E. Kennaway, Vicar of Campden. 2s.

Letters from the Slave States. By James Stirling. 9s.

Letters from the United States, Cuba, and Canada. By the Hon. Amelia M. Murray. Two Volumes. 16s.

The Earliest Inhabitants of Italy. From Mommsen's 'Roman History.' Translated by G. Robertson. With Preface by Dr. Schmitz. 2s.

Notes on Indian Affairs. By the Hon. J. F. Shore. Two Vols. Octavo. 28s.

A Year with the Turks. By Warrington W. Smyth, M.A. 8s.

Gazpacho; or, Summer Months in Spain. By W. G. Clark, M.A. Cheaper Edition. 5s.

Auvergne, Piedmont, and Savoy; a Summer Ramble. By C. R. Weld. 8s. 6d.

Claudius Ptolemy and the Nile. By W. D. Cooley. With a Map. 4s.

The Holy City. By G. Williams, B.D. With Illustrations and Additions, and a Plan of Jerusalem. Two Volumes. £2 5s.

History of the Holy Sepulchre. By Professor Willis. With Illustrations. 9s.

Plan of Jerusalem, from the Ordnance Survey. With a Memoir. 9s.

Three Weeks in Palestine and Lebanon. 2s.

View of the Art of Colonization. By E. Gibbon Wakefield. Octavo. 12s.

Transportation not Necessary. By the Right Hon. C. B. Adderley, M.P. 2s.

On the Union of the Dominions of Great Britain, by Inter-communication with the Pacific and the East. By Captain M. H. Synge, R.E. With Maps. 3s. 6d.

Familiar History of Birds. By Bishop Stanley. 3s. 6d.

Domesticated Animals. By Mary Roberts. 2s. 6d.

Wild Animals. By the same. 2s. 6d.

Ancient and Modern Fish Tattle. By the Rev. C. D. Badham, M.D. 12s.

Leaves from the Note-Book of a Naturalist. By W. J. Broderip, F.R.S. 10s. 6d.

Chemistry of the Four Ancient Elements. By T. Griffiths. 4s. 6d.

Recreations in Chemistry. By the same. 5s.

Recreations in Astronomy. By Rev. L. Tomlinson, M.A. 4s. 6d.

Recreations in Physical Geography. By Miss R. M. Zornlin. 6s.

World of Waters; or, Recreations in Hydrology. By the same Author. 4s. 6d.

Recreations in Geology. By the same. 4s. 6d.

Guyot's Earth and Man. 2s.

Digitized by Google

Popular Physiology. By P. B. Lord, M.B. 5s.

Amusements in Chess. By C. Tomlinson. 4s. 6d.

Cycle of Celestial Objects. By Admiral W. H. Smyth. Two Vols. With Illustrations. £2 2s.

Lectures on Astronomy. By Canon Moseley, F.R.S. 3s. 6d.

The Comet of 1556: its Anticipated Reappearance, and the Apprehension of Danger from Comets. By J. R. Hind. 2s. 6d.

By the same Author.

The Comets: a Descriptive Treatise. 5s. 6d.

An Astronomical Vocabulary. 1s. 6d.

Atlas of Physical and Historical Geography. Engraved by J. W. Lowry. 5s.

Manual of Geographical Science. Part the First, 10s. 6d., containing—

MATHEMATICAL GEOGRAPHY. By the Rev. M. O'Brien.

PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY. By T. D. Ansted, M.A., F.R.S.

CHARTOGRAPHY. By J. R. Jackson, F.R.S.

GEOGRAPHICAL TERMINOLOGY. By Rev. C. G. Nicolay.

Lectures on the Principles and Practice of Physic. By Dr. Watson. Two Volumes. 34s.

Elements of Chemistry. By Dr. Miller, F.R.S., Professor of Chemistry, King's College. Three Parts. £2 6s. 6d.

First Lines in Chemistry. By A. J. Bernays. With 179 Illustrations. 7s.

Practical Chemistry for Farmers and Landowners. By J. Trimmer, F.G.S. 5s.

Manual of Chemistry. By W. T. Brande, F.R.S. Two large Volumes. £2 5s.

Dictionary of Materia Medica and Pharmacy. By the same Author. 15s.

Elements of Fortification. By Captain Lendy. With 236 Woodcuts. 7s. 6d.

Principles of Mechanism. By Professor Willis, M.A., F.R.S.

Structure and Functions of the Human Spleen. By H. Gray, F.R.S. With 64 Illustrations. 15s.

On the Diseases of the Kidney. By Dr. G. Johnson. 14s.

On Epidemic Diarrhœa and Cholera. By the same. 7s. 6d.

Physiological Anatomy and Physiology of Man. By Dr. Todd, F.R.S., and W. Bowman, F.R.S. Two Volumes. £2.

On Medical Evidence and Testimony in Cases of Lunacy. By Dr. Mayo, F.R.S. 3s. 6d.

The Philosophy of Living. By Herbert Mayo, M.D. 5s.

Management of the Organs of Digestion. By the same. 6s. 6d.

Lunacy and Lunatic Life. 3s. 6d.

German Mineral Waters, and their Employment for the Cure of certain Chronic Diseases. By Dr. Sutro. 7s. 6d.

Spasm, Languor, and Palsy. By Dr. Wilson. 7s.

Gout, Chronic Rheumatism, and Inflammation of the Joints. By Dr. Todd, F.R.S. 7s. 6d.

Lectures on Dental Physiology and Surgery. By J. Tomes, F.R.S. Octavo. With 100 Illustrations. 12s.

Use and Management of Artificial Teeth. By the same Author. 3s. 6d.

Practical Geodesy. By Butler Williams, C.E. 8s. 6d.

Digitized by Google

Manual for Teaching Model-Drawing. By the same. 15s.

Instructions in Drawing. Abridged from the above. 3s.

Elements of Meteorology. By Professor DANIELL. With Plates. Two Volumes. Octavo. 32s.

On Thunder Storms, and on the Means of Protecting Buildings and Shipping against the Effects of Lightning. By Sir W. SNOW HARRIS, F.R.S. 10s. 6d.

Connexion of Natural and Divine Truth. By Professor BADEN POWELL, F.R.S. 9s.

Undulatory Theory as applied to the Dispersion of Light. By the same. 9s.

Evelyn's Life of Mrs. Godolphin. By the Bishop of Oxford. 6s.

Remains of Bishop Copleston. With Reminiscences of his Life. By the Archbishop of Dublin. With Portrait. 10s. 6d.

Memoir of Bishop Copleston. By W. J. COPLESTON, M.A. 10s. 6d.

Life of Archbishop Sancroft. By Dr. D'OYLY. Octavo. 9s.

Memoirs of Bishop Butler. By T. BARTLETT, M.A. 12s.

Lives of Eminent Christians. By Archdeacon HONE. Four Volumes. 18s.

Bishop Jeremy Taylor. A Biography. By Rev. R. A. WILLMOTT. 5s.

Lives of English Sacred Poets. By the same Author. Two Vols. 9s.

Life and Services of Lord Harris. By the Right Hon. S. R. LUSHINGTON. 6s. 6d.

Bacon's Essays; with the Colours of Good and Evil. With the References and Notes, by T. MARKBY, M.A. 1s. 6d.

Bacon's Advancement of Learning. Revised, with References and Notes, by T. MARKBY, M.A. 2s.

Principles of Imitative Art. By GEORGE BUTLER, M.A. 6s.

Butler's Sermons on Human Nature. With Preface by Dr. WHEWELL. 3s. 6d.

Butler's Sermons on Moral Subjects. With Preface by Dr. WHEWELL. 3s. 6d.

SMALL BOOKS ON GREAT SUBJECTS.

Philosophical Theories and Philosophical Experience. 3s. 6d.

Connexion between Physiology and Intellectual Science. 3s. 6d.

On Man's Power over Himself to prevent or control Insanity. 3s. 6d.

Practical Organic Chemistry. 3s. 6d.

Greek Philosophy to the Age of Pericles. 3s. 6d.

Greek Philosophy from Socrates to the Coming of Christ. 3s. 6d.

Christian Doctrine and Practice in the Second Century. 3s. 6d.

Vulgar and Common Errors. 3s. 6d.

Vegetable Physiology. 3s. 6d.

Principles of Criminal Law. 3s. 6d.

Christian Sects in the Nineteenth Century. 3s. 6d.

General Principles of Grammar. 3s. 6d.

Sketches of Geology. 3s. 6d.

State of Man before Christianity. 3s. 6d.

Thoughts and Opinions of a Statesman. 3s. 6d.

Responsibilities of Employers. 3s. 6d.

Christian Doctrine and Practice in the Twelfth Century. 3s. 6d.

Philosophy of Ragged Schools. 3s. 6d.

On the State of Man subsequent to Christianity. Four Parts. 4s. 6d. each.

Digitized by Google

Lectures on the Characters of our Lord's Apostles. 3s. 6d.

Scripture Revelations respecting a Future State. 5s.

Scripture Revelations respecting Good and Evil Angels. 3s. 6d.

By the Bishop of OXFORD.

Sermons, Preached and Published on several occasions. 10s. 6d.

Six Sermons preached before the University. 4s. 6d.

History of the Church of England. By the Bishop of St. Asaph. 10s. 6d.

Burnet's History of the Reformation, abridged. Edited by Dr. CORRIE. 10s. 6d.

History of the English Reformation. By F. C. MASSINGBERD, M.A. 6s.

Elizabethan Religious History. By H. SOAMES, M.A. Octavo. 16s.

History of the Anglo-Saxon Church. By H. SOAMES, M.A. 7s. 6d.

History of the Christian Church. By Professor BURTON. 5s.

The Early Christians. By W. PRIDDEN, M.A. 2s. 6d.

Outlines of Sacred History. 2s. 6d.

Outlines of Ecclesiastical History; Before the Reformation. By W. H. HOARE, M.A. 2s. 6d.

Bible Maps; with copious Index. By W. HUGHES. Coloured. 5s.

The Three Treacherous Dealers: An Illustration of the Church Catechism. By J. W. DONALDSON, D.D. 2s. 6d.

Civil History of the Jews. By O. COCKAYNE, M.A. 4s. 6d.

Garrick's Mode of Reading the Liturgy. With Notes, and a Discourse on Public Reading, by R. CULL. 5s. 6d.

The Four Gospels in one Narrative. Arranged by Two Friends. 4s. 6d.

ESSAYS

By the Archbishop of DUBLIN.

On Peculiarities of the Christian Religion. 7s. 6d.

On Difficulties in the Writings of the Apostle Paul. 8s.

On Errors of Romanism. 7s. 6d.

On Dangers to Christian Faith from the Teaching or the Conduct of its Professors. 7s. 6d.

The Scripture Doctrine concerning the Sacraments. By the Archbishop of Dublin. 2s. 6d.

Cautions for the Times. Edited by the Archbishop of Dublin. 7s.

English Synonyms. Edited by the Archbishop of Dublin. 3s.

By R. CHENEVIX TRENCH, D.D., Dean of Westminster.

Notes on the Parables. 12s.

Notes on the Miracles. 12s.

Five Sermons preached before the University of Cambridge. 2s. 6d.

Hulsean Lectures. 5s.

St. Augustine's Exposition of the Sermon on the Mount. With an Essay on St. Augustine as an Interpreter of Scripture. 7s. The Essay separately, 3s. 6d.

Synonyms of the New Testament. 5s.

On Deficiencies in English Dictionaries. 2s.

English, Past and Present. 4s.

Proverbs and their Lessons. 3s.

On the Study of Words. 3s. 6d.

Sacred Latin Poetry. With Notes and Introduction. 7s.

Digitized by Google

Dialogues on Divine Providence. By a Fellow of a College. 3s. 6d.

Sermons preached in Wells Cathedral. By G. H. Sachevrell Johnson, M.A., F.R.S., Dean of Wells. 5s.

The Church, its Nature and Offices. By C. P. Reichel, B.D. 6s.

Liber Precum Publicarum; Ordo Administrandæ Cœnæ Domini, Catechismus, Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ, Psalterium. 5s. 6d.; 10s. 6d. calf.

Sequentiæ ex Missalibus, Anglicis, Gallicis, Germanicis Desumptæ. Collegit, notulasque addidit J. M. Neale, A.M. 7s.

Ordo Sæclorum; a Treatise on the Chronology of the Holy Scriptures. By Henry Browne, M.A., Canon of Chichester. 20s.

Pearson on the Creed, revised and corrected. By Temple Chevallier, B.D. 12s.

Fullwood's Roma Ruit. The Pillars of Rome Broken. By C. Hardwick, M.A. 10s. 6d.

College Lectures on Ecclesiastical History. By W. Bates, B.D. 6s. 6d.

College Lectures on Christian Antiquities. By the same. 9s.

The True Faith of a Christian; a Simple Exposition of the Apostles' Creed. By the Rev. C. J. D'Oyly. 2s. 6d.

Choral Service of the Church. By J. Jebb, M.A. 16s.

Sermons preached before the University of Oxford. By Canon Ogilvie. Octavo. 5s.

Lectures on the Prophecies. By A. M'Caul, D.D. Octavo. 7s.

The Messiahship of Jesus. By Dr. M'Caul. 7s.

Discourses on Christian Humiliation and on the City of God. By Bishop Trebot, D.D. 7s. 6d.

College Chapel Sermons. By W. Whewell, D.D. 10s. 6d.

Thoughts for the Holy Week. By the Author of *Amy Herbert*. 2s.

Scripture Female Characters. By the Viscountess Hood. 3s. 6d.

The Catechist's Manual; Readings from St. Mark's Gospel. By Bishop Hinds. 4s. 6d.

The Three Temples of the One God. By Bishop Hinds. 3s.

Sermons for the Times. By the Rev. C. Kingsley. 5s.

Twenty-five Village Sermons. By the Rev. C. Kingsley. 2s. 6d.

Churchman's Theological Dictionary. By R. Eden, M.A. 5s.

The Gospel Narrative according to the Authorized Text. With Marginal Proofs and Notes. By J. Forster, M.A. 12s.

Statutes relating to the Ecclesiastical and Eleemosynary Institutions of England, Wales, Ireland, India, and the Colonies; with Decisions. By A. J. Stephens, M.A., F.R.S. Two Volumes. £3 3s.

Historical and Explanatory Treatise on the Book of Common Prayer. By W. G. Humphry, B.D. 7s. 6d.

Sacred Minstrelsy: Sacred Music from the Finest Works of the Great Masters. With Accompaniments for Pianoforte and Organ. Two Vols. £2 2s.

The Natural History of Infidelity and Superstition in Contrast with Christian Faith. By the Rev. J. E. Riddle. Octavo. 12s.

By the same Author.

Manual of Christian Antiquities. 18s.

Churchman's Guide to the Use of the English Liturgy. 3s. 6d.

First Sundays at Church. 2s. 6d.

Digitized by Google

Introduction to the Study of the Old Testament. By A. Barry, M.A., Head Master of Leeds Grammar School. Part I. 6s.

Exposition of the Thirty-nine Articles. By Professor Harold Browne, M.A. 16s.

Examination Questions on Prof. Browne's Exposition of the Articles. By J. Goble, M.A. 3s. 6d.

The Churchman's Guide; an Index of Sermons, arranged according to Subjects. By John Forster, M.A. 7s.

The Book of the Fathers, and the Spirit of their Writings. 9s. 6d.

Babylon and Jerusalem: a Letter to Countess of Hahn-Hahn. 2s. 6d.

The Book of Psalms literally rendered into English Verse, according to the Prayer Book Version. By Edgar Alfred Bowring. 5s.

Readings in Italian Prose Literature; with Biographical Sketches. By G. A. Bezzi. 7s.

By Professor Bernays, of King's College, London.

German Word Book. 3s.

German Phrase Book. 3s.

German Conversation Book. 3s.

German Grammar. 5s.

German Exercises. 4s. 6d.

German Examples. 3s.

German Reader. 5s.

German Historical Anthology. 5s.

German Classics, with Notes, by Professor Bernays.

Schiller's Maid of Orleans. 2s.

Schiller's William Tell. 2s.

Schiller's Mary Stuart. 2s.

The Greek Testament. With Notes, Grammatical and Exegetical. By W. Webster, M.A., and W. F. Wilkinson, M.A. Vol. I. containing the Gospels and Acts of the Apostles. 20s.

Critical and Grammatical Commentary on St. Paul's Epistles. By C. J. Ellicott, B.D.

Galatians. 7s. 6d.
Ephesians. 7s. 6d.
The Pastoral Epistles. 10s. 6d.
Philippians, Colossians, and Philemon. 10s. 6d.
Thessalonians.

Commentary on the Acts of the Apostles. By W. G. Humphry, B.D. With a Map. 5s.

Pearson on the Acts of the Apostles and Annals of St. Paul. In English, with a few Notes, by J. E. Crowfoot, B.D. 4s.

Greek Text of the Acts of the Apostles: with English Notes. By H. Robinson, D.D. 8s.

The Gospel according to St. John after the Authorized Version. Newly compared with the Original Greek, and revised by—

John Barrow, D.D.
George Moberly, D.C.L.
Henry Alford, B.D.
William G. Humphry, B.D.
Charles J. Ellicott, B.D.

2s. 6d.

St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans. By the same Revisers. 2s.

Notes upon Thucydides. Books I. and II. By J. G. Sheppard, M.A., and L. Evans, M.A. 8s.

Platonis Philebus, with Notes by C. Badham, D.D. 5s.

The Alcestis of Euripides; with Notes by Bishop Monk. 4s. 6d.

Müller's Dissertations on the Eumenides of Æschylus. Cheaper Edition. 6s. 6d.

Propertius; with English Notes, Preface on the State of Latin Scholarship, and Indices. By F. A. Paley. 10s. 6d.

Digitized by Google

Arundines Cami, collegit atque edidit HENRICUS DRURY, M.A. 12s.

Ethics of Aristotle, illustrated with Essays and Notes. By Sir ALEX. GRANT, Bart., M.A., Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford. Volume I., containing the Essays. 8s. 6d.

Politics of Aristotle. With Notes. By R. CONGREVE, M.A. 16s.

Choephorœ of Æschylus. With Notes. By J. CONINGTON, M.A., Professor of Latin, Oxford. 6s.

Agamemnon of Æschylus, the Text, with a Translation into English Verse, and Notes. By Professor CONINGTON. 7s. 6d.

Æschylus translated into English Verse. With Notes, and a Life of Æschylus. By Professor BLACKIE. Two Volumes. 16s.

Phædrus, Lysis, and Protagoras of Plato. Translated by J. WRIGHT, M.A. 4s. 6d.

Homeric Ballads: the Text, with Metrical Translations and Notes. By the late Dr. MAGINN. 6s.

Tacitus, the Complete Works, with a Commentary, Life, Indices, and Notes. By Professor RITTER. Four Volumes. Octavo. 28s.

Aristophanis Comœdiæ Vndecim, cum Notis et Indice Historico, edidit H. A. HOLDEN, A.M. 15s. Plays separately, 1s. each.

Aulularia and Menæchemi of Plautus, with Notes by J. HILDYARD, B.D. 7s. 6d. each.

Antigone of Sophocles, in Greek and English, with Notes. By Dr. DONALDSON. 9s.

Pindar's Epinician Odes; with copious Notes and Indices. By Dr. DONALDSON. 16s.

Speeches of Demosthenes against Aphobus and Onetor. Translated, with Notes, by C. RANN KENNEDY, M.A. 9s.

Greek Verses of Shrewsbury School. By Dr. KENNEDY. 8s.

Select Private Orations of Demosthenes; with Notes. By C. T. PENROSE, M.A. 4s.

Frogs of Aristophanes; with English Notes. By the Rev. H. P. COOKESLEY. 7s.

Classical Examination Papers of King's College. By Professor BROWNE. 6s.

Longer Exercises in Latin Prose Composition. By Dr. DONALDSON. 6s. 6d.

Manual of Latin Prose Compositions. By H. M. WILKINS, M.A. 4s. 6d. Key, 2s. 6d.

Manual of Greek Prose Composition. By H. M. WILKINS, M.A. 7s. 6d. Key, 2s. 6d.

Fables of Babrius. Edited by Sir G. C. LEWIS, Bart., M.P. 5s. 6d.

Comparative Grammar of the Hebrew Language. By Dr. DONALDSON. 3s. 6d.

Hebrew Grammar. By CHR. LEO, of Cambridge. 12s. 6d.

New Hebrew Lexicon. With Grammar, Vocabulary, &c. Also Chaldee Grammar and Lexicon. By Professor T. JARRETT, M.A. 21s.

Phraseological and Explanatory Notes on the Hebrew Text of the Book of Genesis. By Professor THEODORE PRESTON, M.A. 9s. 6d.

Guide to the Hebrew Student. By H. H. BERNARD. 10s. 6d.

The Psalms in Hebrew, with Critical, Exegetical, and Philological Commentary. By G. PHILLIPS, B.D., President of Queen's College, Cambridge. Two Volumes. 32s.

Elements of Syriac Grammar. By G. PHILLIPS, B.D. Second Edition. 10s.

Practical Arabic Grammar. By DUNCAN STEWART. Octavo. 16s.

Digitized by Google

CLASSICAL TEXTS.

Carefully Revised.

ÆSCHYLI EUMENIDES. 1s.

CÆSAR de BELLO GALLICO. I. to IV. 1s. 6d.

CICERO de AMICITIA et SENECTUTE. 1s.

CICERO de OFFICIIS. 2s.

CICERO pro PLANCIO. 1s.

CICERO pro MILONE. 1s.

CICERO pro MURENA. 1s.

CICERONIS ORATIO PHILIPPICA SECUNDA. 1s.

DEMOSTHENES IN LEPTINEM. 1s.

DEMOSTHENES AGAINST APHOBUS and ONETOR. 1s. 6d.

EURIPIDIS BACCHÆ. 1s.

EXCERPTA ex ARRIANO. 2s. 6d.

EXCERPTA ex LUCIANO. 2s. 6d.

EXCERPTA ex TACITI ANNALIBUS. 2s. 6d.

HORATII SATIRÆ. 1s.

HORATII CARMINA. 1s. 6d.

HORATII ARS POETICA. 6d.

OVIDII FASTI. 1s. 6d.

PLATONIS PHÆDO. 2s.

PLATONIS MENEXENUS. 1s.

PLATONIS PHÆDRUS. 1s. 6d.

PLAUTI MILES GLORIOSUS. 1s.

PLAUTI TRINUMMUS. 1s.

PLUTARCH'S LIVES of SOLON, PERICLES, and PHILOPŒMEN. 2s.

SOPHOCLIS PHILOCTETES, with Notes. 2s.

SOPHOCLIS ŒDIPUS TYRANNUS, with Notes. 2s. 6d.

TACITI GERMANIA. 1s.

TACITI AGRICOLA. 1s.

TERENTII ANDRIA. 1s.

TERENTII ADELPHI. 1s.

VIRGILII GEORGICA. 1s. 6d.

VOCAL MUSIC.

BY JOHN HULLAH.

Infant School Songs. 6d.

School Songs. Two Books. 6d. each.

Exercises for the Cultivation of the Voice. For Soprano or Tenor. 2s. 6d.
For Contralto or Bass. 2s. 6d.

Rudiments of Musical Grammar. 3s.

Grammar of Musical Harmony. 3s.

Exercises on the 'Grammar of Musical Harmony.' 1s.

Sea Songs. 2s. 6d.

Treatise on the Stave. 2s.

The Psalter; or Psalms of David, in Metre: from the Authorized Version.
In Score, with Accompaniments. 24s.
In Score, for Four Voices. 15s.
Separate Voice Parts. 2s. each.

Psalm Tune-Books without Words. For Three Equal Voices. 2s. 6d. Four Voices. 3s.

The Whole Book of Psalms, with the Canticles and Hymns of the Church, set to appropriate Chants for Four Voices. 15s.

Chants by English Masters. 6d.

PART MUSIC.

In Score and separate Voice Parts. Two Volumes Sacred and Two Secular.—Score, 5s. cloth, 4s. in a wrapper; Voice Parts, 1s. in wrapper, 1s. 9d. in cloth.

In Score, for Women and Children. One Volume Sacred and One Secular. 1s. each in wrapper; 1s. 9d. cloth.

In Score, for Men. One Volume Sacred and One Secular. 1s. each in wrapper; 1s. 9d. cloth.

Vocal Scores, in Four or more Parts.

One Volume, Sacred, and one Secular. 10s. 6d. each.

LONDON: JOHN W. PARKER AND SON, WEST STRAND.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google